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THE TRYST.

BY RITA.

White, weird and ghastly crept the fog
Over river, and moor and coast;
Each fast-moored boat, and the harbor afloat,
Loomed like a threatening ghost.
The sea lay muttering sullenly,
Under the veiling mist;
And the buoy-bell rung with its ominous tongue,
Where the tide on the lip of the rock was flung.
And in gloom I keep our tryst.

For while holy grief and loving trust
With me keep watch together,
I reck not, I, of sea or sky;
Our hearts hold tranquil weather.
So I know, in the royal right of love,
I may claim you, as I list;
So my hand may reach, in its silent speech,
To the spirit greeting where each meets each,
In faith I keep our tryst.

RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ST. KOLON," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHEN Delgado took little Alan Fitzurse from Grace's arms, he was neither rude nor rough.

There was a native grace about the man in all he did, and his fervent admiration for the brave girl whose plight he barred added in this instance a sincerity to his softness which it did not always possess.

As Grace soothed and comforted the frightened boy, and her tender caresses fell on his small blanched face, Delgado looked on with an unwonted quiver at his heart.

His passion and his enthusiasm were alike aroused on Grace's behalf.

She was a Nihilist's daughter, and her father was a martyr to the Cause; this enhanced her worth in his eyes—for he had the merit of sincerity in his political opinions, and he could at times be even enthusiastic for the cruel doctrines to which he pinned his faith.

He followed Grace into her little sitting-room and stood half abashed before her, striving to excuse himself for the part he played.

"Mademoiselle, you understand my position? You know I am one of those who must obey or die.

"I place no limit to my obedience, for my heart and soul are in our righteous Cause; therefore no duty seems to me too hard. To-night, for the first time, obedience grieves me because it grieves you."

"Sir I need no apology," Grace answered. "I understand you are but an instrument in the hands of others. Nevertheless you play a cruel and dreadful part. Have the goodness to leave me."

"One moment more," said Delgado pleadingly.

"Believe me, I do not know the intentions of the Committee with regard to the child, except that it will not touch its life. This act seems to you cruel; but remember that your father owes the misery and anguish of years to the father of this child. Our people do not forget our martyrs; they avenge them, and avenge them well."

Grace's face had flushed and then grown pale.

"My father would refuse with indignation a cowardly revenge," she said calmly.

"I know well how noble he is," returned Delgado; "but we must avenge our murdered and prisoned martyrs by the means in our power, even though ignoble. I am glad you remember your father. And you remember me?" he added eagerly.

"Very faintly," said Grace, in a voice so quiet in its dignity that it could not be called either compassionate or scornful, and yet it quivered through Delgado's nerves with a touch of both.

"Ah, doubtless in your new life in Cornwall you forgot the stirring scenes of your childhood—you forgot the little band of heroes to whom your father was a leader and a prince."

"I tried to forget," said Grace quietly. "Yes, and I did forget until—until lately."

She moved towards the door; but Delgado barred the way.

"Mademoiselle di Valdivia, you know that the lives of men are now in your own hands.

"But you are a Nihilist's daughter. I should be ashamed to ask you if you intend to betray us for the sake of a child."

A burning flush rose to Grace's forehead.

"I will make you no promise," she said resolutely.

Delgado flushed in his turn.

His beautiful eyes shone with a fire that was a strange mingling of fear and of admiration.

"I thought I could trust the daughter of my chief," he said; "but since she cares for neither father nor friends, then we must ourselves take precaution for safety."

Grace was silent.

She could not but see the struggle in the man—that he wished not to offend her, and yet dared not risk the safety of himself and his brother-conspirators.

This hesitation only increased her repugnance to him; she discerned in it the dreadful admiration that shone out of his eyes and escaped from him in all his bearing.

"I am afraid," he continued deprecatingly, "that you and your friend must be prisoners here until the child is removed and all trace of him hidden from you. It shall be done as quickly as possible; then you will be always free to go where you please."

Grace felt her tears rise, and her indignation grew hot within her.

"Is this a fair warfare," she cried—"this slaying of the innocent—this battle against women and children? Shame on you all, cowards that you are! Let me pass, sir. Your presence is a pollution!"

Delgado quailed at the words.

He stood aside, repressing a savage longing that rose in him to clasp her in his arms and cover her pale scornful face with kisses of rage and passion.

There was no power in her calm pure nature to guess at the fire that burned in him as she passed him, and a long loose tress of her brighter hair brushed his arm as she went by.

He almost seized it, then let his hands drop; but he caught at the door and held it closed.

"You must bear with me, you must hear me for a moment," he said eagerly. "Do not blame individuals for the warfare of a community.

"If women and children fall in the battle it is the fortune of war; we are not all to blame."

"Let me pass!" said Grace again, her eyes taking no heed of his hot pleading glances, and her calm figure standing by his quivering frame like some fair lily by which a tiger crouched.

"One moment more! I wish to speak of yourself.

"The woman Kirkman is not in our confidence.

"I will invent some story to account for the necessary restriction that must be placed on your liberty. You will let that story pass?"

Grace bowed her head in assent.

"I know it would be useless to ask Mrs. Kirkman to accept my word against yours," she said.

"Take therefore what precaution you please."

"It will be only for a day or two," continued Delgado, still eagerly. "And, if, when you remove, you would come to my mother's——"

Grace lifted her eyes now in surprise to his face, and interrupted him with a sort of angry haste.

"Lady Brentwyche gave me Madame Delgado's address—you are aware I preferred to come here."

"You fear the meetings of our Committee," interposed Delgado; "but I assure you there is no cause for fear."

"I fear nothing, but I choose my own place of abode, thank you," said Grace; and bowing to him, she passed at last through the doorway.

He followed her into the dimly-lighted passage.

The man was half wild with anxiety to conciliate her, and he knew not how to do it. At that moment, to gain a smile, he would willingly have opened the locked door for her escape, though the act might bring destruction on his friends.

His step was less swift than hers, and he never felt his lameness so bitterly or hated Lord Enderby so much as now, when it made him limp in her presence and forced him to stand still as she flew up the staircase.

"If," said Delgado, his voice pursuing her, "you would like to have the boy in your care till he is removed, I will give orders to that effect."

Grace turned; the light she held in her hand shone on her beautiful face; all its expression had changed to softness and pity.

To the hot Southern standing below in darkness it was as a sun that sent the blood boiling through his veins; his heart leapt and rejoiced quickly in a sudden glow of delight; she had looked at him without hatred.

But there was no smile on her lips; she did but thank him gravely and passed on out of his sight.

In his account of this interview to Lady Brentwyche, Delgado necessarily hid far more than he told.

In the same way poor Mary's imperfect utterance to Prue gave but a feeble history of Grace's and her own escape.

The day passed with Grace in a strange trance of thought.

Often she pressed her forehead on her hands, striving hard to recall dim memories, scenes faintly visible to her mind, which she could only recall brokenly, mingled with dull days at Clapham school and brilliant flashes of sunshine on the Cornish seas.

Yet here and there her memories grew more distinct, raising up vanished faces, voices, words that she had buried beneath the blue waves, hoping never to hear them again.

"What be doing? You be in masane," said Molly many times.

"I am trying to be familiar with dreadful things as I once was, that I may not be afraid, Molly, when I go among them again.

"Be going to a 'nageric of baists," asked Molly, "or sarpints? I seed they waunce at a feer—limp as ould ribbons they was, and gashly ugly."

"Yes, I am going among wild beasts, Molly—some of them creatures broken loose from chains and misery, and all of them eager for blood."

The day wore on towards evening.

Little Alan was their companion; he sat on Grace's knee, his fair head pressed against her bosom, his eyes often closed, his wan face pale as moonlight.

He scarcely spoke—all his pretty prattle had ceased; he started at the slightest sound trembling in every wasted limb, gazing around in wild affright, and clutching at Grace with tiny fevered hands.

How often she soothed him, how often her kisses fell on his thin cheek, and tears started to her eyes through that sad day, while every hour the conviction grew clearer to her mind that, if his life was to be saved the effort must be made at once!

"Molly," she whispered, "can you watch and find out where Mrs Kirkman hides her keys?"

"They are in her pocket," said Molly.

Grace sighed, and looked in despair at the window.

It opened upon an area which lay deep below like a well.

"But they wain't be in her pocket to-night when she goes to bed," resumed Molly.

"How do you know?" asked Grace very eagerly.

"I heard her tellin' Charlotte—the little lad's mother, as they coal her——"

"Yes, Molly; tell me quickly what you heard."

"Well, you see, they lets me go up and down-stairs, and run about the house like a dog.

"I makes 'em laugh, and they says sal sorts afore me 'cause I'm a fool."

"You are not that, Molly."

"No, I bain't. I'm uncommon clever when I sets my mind to work. And I can be cunning as a ferret when I likes."

Molly twisted her thumbs in great complacency as she said this, and smiled with all her might.

"What did you hear them say to Charlotte Molly?"

"I heerd 'em tell her that a carriage was coming for her and her boy in the night, and she must get dressed and be ready."

Involuntarily Grace's clasp of the child grew tighter; he opened his weary eyes—all their pretty brightness faded out of them—and, looking up, a wistful smile passed over the little pinched face.

"Don't cry for me any more, Grace. They can't hurt me. God will send His angels and take me safe away out of their cruel hands.

"Don't cry!"

And, raising his little hand, he smoothed her cheek, wiping away the tears she could not restrain.

"My darling, my darling, I will take you home this very night or die!" cried Grace.

"Would you die? Would they kill you, Grace?"—and his eyes grew large with terror.

"Don't let them kill you for me. I will go away very good and quiet. Little children's angels, you know, see God all day—every day; and mine has told Him that I am not afraid to die now. I want to be in heaven. Only I should like to see papa once more."

Starting tears covered the fevered brightness that had sprung into his eyes; he hid his face by her arm; but Grace felt the sob of his young heart against her side.

Then her own brave heart gave a great throb, fear fell away like shadows, love gave her strength; she knew that she should conquer.

Before such resolve as hers stone walls have crumbled into dust, and chains have fallen like broken threads.

She beckoned Molly to her side, and, as she fell upon her knees, half frightened, she laid one hand upon her head.

"I feel like church," said Molly, "I think there's prayers going up to heaven like a great ladder and light, and maybe some angel will come down the ladder to help us."

"Yes, Molly; but you must be the angel to-night to help me,"—and Grace's hand pressed her head lightly.

"Now think—now try to remember all you heard them say.

Whether the pressure of that soft hand helped Molly's bewildered brain or not, it at least held her to the point, and also gave a tolerably consecutive history of the coming plans, which, trusting in her simplicity, had been pretty freely discussed in her hearing.

Charlotte was to retire to rest at eight and rise again at one.

A carriage would arrive for her and the child at that time.

Mrs. Kirkman would need the keys until ten, when she would go to bed, leaving them in a certain place for Charlotte to find at the hour appointed for her departure.

"Ah, but in what place? Where will they be left? It is this you must find out, dear Molly."

"And so I will!" exclaimed Molly. "I have barkied many a time at doors and pried round like a jackdaw arter things when feyther have hid away pennies from me, and I've allays found 'em. So, when the clock have gone ten, I'll begin my march."

Molly's prowess would have seemed to some but a forlorn hope; yet Grace trusted in it.

She had seen that at times, mingled with her simplicity, Molly could put forth great powers of cunning.

Then, again, the fact of her simplicity made the people of the house unsuspicious of her—and herein lay her greatest chance of success.

Mrs. Kirkman was frightened and anxious to get rid of her lodgers—anxious to appear ignorant of their doings; for this reason a slight noise would not disturb her or induce her to leave her room; so Molly's search might go on safely, provided she did not arouse Charlotte.

At eight o'clock that young woman, very smooth and smiling, made her appearance in Grace's room and took little Alan from her arms.

"Now, my dear, you won't be afraid of me, your old nurse Charlotte? She wouldn't hurt you for the world."

"I hope not," said Grace, as with a beating heart, she bent over the child to kiss his pretty wan face, perhaps for the very last time.

"You don't think me capable, surely, miss?" returned Charlotte.

"The precious dear, I wouldn't touch a hair of his pretty head! You and me miss, is having a strange time together, that he mayn't be frightened."

"You will not be afraid, Alan?" said Grace meaningly, holding the child's hand. "Remember, I am very near you."

"You and the angels," said the child, in a whisper.

"No; Alan will not be afraid."

Yet his large wistful eyes held hers to the last, till the door was closed on his pretty white face.

Then Grace sat down and for a moment wrung her hands together in a burst of grief.

Her thoughts went back to Caermorran to the sweet, sad, loving time when her shadow and little Alan's ever fell side by side, and his father hovered near them, sometimes with the dry speech, or the bitter jest, that was ever tempered by a kindly smile, and ofttimes with words whose every tone was a caress, with looks whose every glance was love.

Ah, what would he say if her nursling died? What would he feel if his dear and only child was laid low in its grave by cruel hands?

* * * * *

The house was hushed, and still as a London house can be.

Beyond the little terrace was heard the long rolling din of many wheels; but within this quiet nook only a stray vehicle rattled by at times, only a footfall fell now and then.

Grace sat in her room alone.

Molly had been gone half an hour.

It seemed an age of pain; the minutes passed away slowly, yet each one went by like a fire scorching her veins.

The small clock on the stairs struck eleven; Grace counted the strokes in heart-throbs.

Then she went to the window and looked out upon the night, and felt foolishly glad that it was fine.

Sighing at this gladness, she turned, and saw poor Molly standing with her finger on her lips, and keys in her outstretched hand.

A great flood of joy rushed upon Grace's heart, but she did not utter a word.

Silently she kissed Molly, and motioned to her to put on her hat and cloak—she herself was dressed.

They crept down-stairs like shadows; but in the passage Molly seized Grace by the hand and led her down another flight of stairs, then through a small dark room.

Here she unlocked a door, and the cool air of the night and the faint moonshine fell upon their fevered faces.

They crossed a little paved court, Molly being still the guide; another door met them, but she had the key; and in an instant more both were free and out in a narrow road.

They were trembling and neither ventured to speak.

They walked on blindly in dead silence, not knowing whither the road led.

In two minutes the roar of a street met them and lighted lamps flashed on their shrinking eyes; they turned a corner sharply, and then only two quiet figures in a crowd of many, holding each other's hand, and walking on safely unnoticed.

"There was a cabin to the front door," whispered Molly.

"I thort he'd make a clatter; and the back way was safest."

"You are very wise, dear Molly," said Grace whispering back.

It was odd, but both spoke in whispers still, though the necessity was past.

"Oh, Molly, you were so long! Where did you find the keys at last."

Molly burst into a laugh of delight.

"You'd never guess, I reckon. They were at Charlotte's door, inside her grand shoes.

"And I'd been arching, arching like a pottle through all sorts of queer hide-away places, and there they was all the time right under my eyes.

"Now arree going to take me to see the 'nagerie of beasts?"

"No, Molly, I'm going there by myself: but I would not leave you to be a scapegoat. I shall send you to a safe place where you must wait till I come for you."

Grace hailed a passing cab, and sent Molly to Lord Enderby's to stay with Pros.

She took another cab herself, and gave the driver an address which would have startled Delgado could he have heard it.

It was Madame Delgado's.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BENEATH the blue sky of Cornwall, under the rustle of its green woods, in the fragrance of its heathy downs, in the rush of the mighty waves that break upon its shore, a young soul full of sympathy with nature and quick to catch new impressions might easily forget an unquiet past.

The narrow life in a dull street, the fevered hours, the night made restless by some ever recurring terror were lost for Grace in the solemn immensity of the beautiful Cornish sea.

Her memories sank beneath the blue waters, or faded away in the heights of the blue sky or the dim vastness of the shadowy hills.

In London again, amid the noise and battle of life, with old scenes repeated, old terrors recurring, it was no marvel that each day, each event revivified to Grace memories which she had half fancied were but dreams.

Thus in London the old London life came back slowly to her.

The sight of the Thames in a rare gleam of sunshine, the sound of a military band, the glimpse of a picture in a shop-window, all and each had for her some accompanying vision which grew to be a recollection and a history.

Hence it was with no uncertainty in her mind that she traversed the fog-laden streets towards the old-fashioned quarter where Madame Delgado resided.

The house was in a square, and one side of this was blocked with carriages when she arrived.

She had now to wait her turn to be set down.

As she entered the hall, a tide of recollections flushed her cheek.

She remembered this wide antique staircase, this curiously carved and twisted balustrade, this high painted window—she had seen her father's face looking pale beneath its blue and violet shadow.

His figure seemed to stand there now, his very voice pervaded the air.

A little dazed, a little excited, and yet with her rare power of self-possession holding her in quiet calmness, Grace was ushered into an ante-room, where servants divested her of her hat and cloak and showed no surprise at her plain black dress.

Several men-servants—but none in livery—stood in the hall.

"What name?" asked one bending towards her.

Again a recollection flashed into Grace's mind.

All this was but a vision repeating itself.

She had been here before, seen all this before, had heard her name and her father's announced by this very voice.

Yet she changed her appellation slightly when she spoke.

"Mademoiselle di Valdivia," she said slowly.

In this place she could not have called herself "Lanyon"; it would have seemed unnatural, and to use the title which she remembered now so strangely would have seemed unreal.

Things were too much already like a fantastic dream.

She floated up the staircase, herself a vision in the midst of visions.

She was no longer the Grace Lanyon of wild and lonely Penaluna, who had sat on the high cliff, making her voice ring down the rugged shore or float away over the undulating blue of the wide sea.

She was once more the exile's daughter, the child of a conspirator, a man wronged, branded, forsaken.

A sense of infinite suffering, of long-endured agony, was on her heart, with a curious mingling of pride in this martyrdom and a longing for excitement and action. She was holding her father's hand in spirit as she walked on, and old phases of feeling, old sympathies, were crowding upon her like ghosts.

A door was opened wide.

"Mademoiselle di Valdivia," announced a servant.

There was a slight stir among the crowd near the door; those who had turned carelessly to look at the new-comer felt their gaze arrested and fixed on her face, not for its wonderful beauty only, but for the strange seal of power and of calm innocence resting on it.

She had the brow and eyes of Una when she laid her hand upon the lion and felt no fear.

A stout lady with yellow hair and the countenance of an old child—for it had grown old without growing womanly—disengaged herself from the crowd and greeted Grace with a peering look, much as a baby might regard a doubtful toy.

"Do you not remember me?" said Grace quietly.

"I think I recollect you. I think you are Madame Delgado."

"And you are——"

"Grazia di Valdivia."

"No—it is not possible!" exclaimed the lady.

"Little Grazia—our little princess! Well, I would not believe my ears when I heard your name! But now I look at you again"—and here the stout lady bent and kissed her with a childish laugh—yes, it is the same lovely eyes.

"Why, it is like a story-book, your coming back in this sudden way! And where have you been all these long years? Down in the wilds with a wicked old grandmother? And I'm quite ashamed of myself when I think I forgot you. But there—one has so much to do——"

Madame Delgado never waited for answers, never finished her own abrupt and broken sentences.

She had the air of being broken up mentally herself, and seemed to be always running after some stray piece of her mind, trying to match it with some other cracked thought.

She would have run away now to another guest, but Grace arrested her by a light touch upon her fat arm.

"I wish to see the Committee," she said, in a very low voice.

If it were possible for a very fat old lady to show serious astonishment, Madame Delgado showed it now in her large pink countenance.

She drew Grace into an inner room behind a grand piano and a violin, both of which instruments, being in full swing beneath the hands of a feminine man and a masculine woman, were making sufficient noise to drown a good deal of conversation.

"Now, my dear, what do you mean?" said Madame Delgado. "I don't know anything about committees.

"This is my reception night, and you see I have my friends all around me, and we are having a little music."

"I see that," returned Grace; "but I see also how easily men can arrive and leave in such a great crowd as this and attract no notice.

"I remember when my father used to come to your receptions."

She passed her hand for a moment to her forehead.

"Yes, there is a large room up-stairs. Oh, Madame Delgado, I must see them! You can trust me. I am Valdivia's daughter."

"Well, I don't know what they are doing up-stairs," said madame, with a foolish giggle.

"There are ten or twelve of them up there with a book and an inkstand, drinking a little and swearing and scolding a good deal.

"And I believe they do call themselves a Committee. It's so ridiculous, my dear, the things these men do with such a serious air!"

Madame Delgado's baby-ignorance, whether real or assumed, did not deceive Grace a moment.

She had her son's word for it that committees were held in this house, and, under cover of a reception, ten or twelve men could enter and go quietly to an upper room without being noticed.

She did not need therefore this confession of their presence to feel assured that they were here.

She rose quietly.

"I will go to them at once," she said. "I am certain I know the way."

The poor old baby to whom she spoke began to quiver all over: her fat cheeks shook so did her foolish voice.

"My dear, it is more than your life is worth to go near these men.

"They are my son's friends.

"I don't know anything about them: but they are a queer lot.

"There now—the music is stopping, and we can't talk any more.

"Have you the same pretty voice that you had as a child? Yes? Then do give us a song."

Grace took no note of this disjointed talk; she knew the time was short.

At one o'clock, unless she succeeded now little Alan would be removed from her sight for ever, and Lord Enderby would be childless.

She went resolutely to the door of the inner room, opened it, and passed out upon the staircase.

She flitted up the first flight swiftly as a bird: Madame Delgado followed her in breathless fright.

"My dear child, they won't let you enter. You don't know what you are doing. Come back, I entreat you!"

Grace scarcely heard her; she went quickly onwards.

She had not a single quiver of fear in her veins; she thought only of her lover and his dying child, who had clung to her for help. At the head of the staircase a crimson rope was passed across, barring the way.

Beyond this, in a corridor dimly lighted, a man walked up and down with soft but firm step.

Madame Delgado stopped at the rope; her baby-face was quivering like the face of a child about to cry.

She was so terror-stricken that, as the man approached her, she fled down the staircase without a word, leaving Grace standing alone.

"The drawing-rooms are on the other flight," said the sentinel. "You have made a mistake."

"I have made no mistake: I wish to pass on to the Committee-room," said Grace firmly.

"The pass-word?" returned the man, gazing fixedly at her calm face.

Grace knew of one—only one; it was the motto on her ring.

It was a chance—merely a chance—but she resolved to risk it.

"'Obey or die,'" she answered.

The rope fell; the sentinel pointed to a door covered by a thick curtain which stood at the end of the corridor.

As Grace went towards it, he continued his monotonous walk in silence.

She raised the curtain and found herself in a large low room, where about a dozen men sat by a long table, with writing materials before them.

Delgado sat at the foot of the table, Lady Brentwyche occupied the seat next him.

These two were the first to see Grace.

They started to their feet with a hurried exclamation.

Others followed, and in an instant Grace felt herself pinioned by both arms and led forward beneath the light.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"SHE is one of us—she is the daughter of Valdivia!" exclaimed Delgado, coming forward eagerly and hastily.

The grasp on Grace's arm was instantly relaxed—every man rose and saluted her; there was a suppressed enthusiasm in their manner, as if it needed but the wave of a hand to make every voice burst into a cheer.

This curious stir of excitement, this wave of sympathy, did not subside for a moment, while Grace stood pale and silent before them, and Lady Brentwyche looked on with an unquiet eye.

Jealousy, suspicion, and fear were busy at her heart, but she did not utter a word; she waited cautiously to hear what greetings would pass between the Committee and their uninvited guest.

These men—Revolutionists, Communists, Nihilists—wore on their faces that touch of pity which makes the whole world kin.

Yet it was a pity that could not last, for they lived under the tyranny of terror; and terror destroys all sympathies, and puts as deadly a distrust between man and man as there lies between man and the serpent.

"Gentlemen," said Grace—and her clear unfaltering tone touched the ear like sweetest music—"I am come among you unasked to entreat a hearing."

"Yes—yes!" cried two or three voices. "Speak on."

But the chairman held up his hand for silence.

"You have come uninvited," he said. "Then who gave you the pass-word?"

In the pause of an instant between the question and Grace's reply, Lady Brentwyche glanced keenly at Delgado, and, seeing his eyes fixed on Grace, she said, with her usual light laugh—

"I presume we owe this little surprise-visit to our secretary?"

"You are mistaken," he answered. "I on my part thought we owed it to you."

"Pray be silent," interposed the chairman.

"I await the young lady's reply."

"I am come here of my own free will," said Grace, "unaided by any member of this society.

"No one gave me the pass-word. I uttered the only one I knew. By a strange chance, it was the right one, and I was allowed to pass."

There was a slight signal from the chairman's hand, and a man rose and went into the corridor.

In a moment he returned.

"The right pass-word was given," he said. "No blame lies with our sentinel."

"And no one divulged this secret to you?"

"No one," returned Grace. "It is simply the motto on a ring I wear."

She held out her slender left hand; she did not withdraw the ring.

Lord Enderby had placed it on her finger and a loving superstition made her loath to remove it.

"The ring was Lord Enderby's," observed Lady Brentwyche.

A sudden hiss ran all round the table from lip to lip, startling Grace, and bringing a slight flush to her cheeks.

"The Duca di Valdivia's daughter should not wear a traitor's ring," said the chairman.

"Hear, hear!" cried every voice; but Delgado's was the loudest.

Grace had been seated; she rose to her feet.

Her heart burned within her, her cheeks wore a brilliant flush, her eyes were full of light.

"To you he may be a traitor," she said, "but what does that mean?

"Does it not mean that he is true to honor true to love, true to order and law? Your honor is rooted in dishonor, your truth in treachery, your faith in Atheism, your love in cruelty.

"You are waging war against all things holy and pure.

"You are sanctioning violence and crime—nay, worse, you are commanding them to be done in the name of freedom—freedom which you destroy!"

Her words caused an uproar.

Some of the men—the foreigners among them—started up excitedly, with wild gesticulations, and oaths were muttered and hands clenched in fury.

She might have trembled at all this; but her mood was not one of fear; the marvellous calmness which was her great attribute dominated both her indignation and her dread, and she stood among them as self-possessed and unmoved as some pale passionless flower.

A minute passed before the president could restore order and silence.

As he rebuked and remonstrated, and reminded them that their safety depended on silence, and that hundreds were in the house who would wonder at this unseemly outbreak and seek for the cause of it, the confusion gradually subsided, the noise ceased.

"We did not expect such words from the daughter of a martyr—the daughter of Lord Enderby's victim," said Delgado, in his soft graceful way.

"Mademoiselle di Valdivia must pardon us if we have shown anger. It was the anger of astonishment."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Old Nickson's Will.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

THE wife and family of the Rev. James Nickson, Vicar of Calverstone, were not the most popular people in the country. The Vicar himself was a good-natured inoffensive man, against whom no one had anything to say; but Mrs. Nickson somehow did not get on very well with most people, and the children grew up more like her than their father.

The fact is, the Nicksons, and especially Mrs. Nickson, were too fond of dragging into the conversation, whenever opportunity offered, some allusion to the Nickson property, to which the Rev. James was heir-presumptive; and young Bligh Nickson, the Vicar's eldest son, had, from his childhood up, been carefully trained in the idea that he was to be Nickson of Fort Nickson.

Indeed, when he came of age, which interesting event took place a few months before the circumstances I am about to narrate, his fond mother had some notion of celebrating the occasion in a manner more worthy the heir of the Nickson estate than the son of the Vicar of Calverstone, but was prevented by motives of good feeling and economy.

Not that this Nickson property, so glorified by the simple Vicar's family, was in reality anything very magnificent.

It was an estate of about five thousand dollars a year, near Calverstone, which had been purchased by the grandfather of the Rev. James—a money-grubbing attorney in the town; and it was now in the hands of that gentleman's eldest son—John Nickson, a man over seventy.

I have said that the Rev. James Nickson and his family were not very popular; but they were beloved in comparison with "Old Nickson," or as his enemies, and he had not many friends, generally called him "Old Nick."

And, in truth, a more disreputable old scoundrel never lived.

No tenant had ever got a day's grace, no beggar a halfpenny alms, from "Old John Nickson."

Having only a life interest in the property, he had, for the earlier part of his tenure, acted on the principle of getting as much as he could out of it, and leaving his successor as little as possible; and although during the last few years a great change had taken place in this respect, and much to the joy of the Rev. James, heir-presumptive, a good deal of the previous waste had been repaired.

Yet the estate of Fort Nickson could not now be worth much more than three-fourths of its original value.

The late change for the better had astonished everybody.

And though it was generally and correctly put down to the influence of his youngest son, this did not much enlighten them; for if ever father was reproduced in son, Old Nickson was in his son Clones—generally abbreviated into Cluny—Nickson.

But here we must tell the most heinous of Mr. Nickson's many offences against society.

The Squire of Fort Nickson had never married, and yet he had begotten a numerous family.

He had always been a man of notoriously immoral life.

But, when he was nearly forty years of age, he had elevated a handsome Irish housemaid to a more prominent place in his household.

This woman bore him, in rapid succession, five sons, who, when they grew to manhood, were noted among the tallest and finest men in the county.

Yet their mother never acquired any ascendency over the Squire.

She was made housekeeper; but she was never known to call her master by his Christian name.

Indeed, all her life she stood too much in awe of that unpleasant gentleman to attempt to presume upon her equivocal position.

The five sons I have mentioned grew up at Fort Nickson, with scarcely any education.

They spent their time in hunting, shooting, debauchery amongst the lower class of farmers and sporting publicans.

But it was different with the sixth son, Cluny, who was born some four years after the youngest of his five brothers.

For this son Old Nickson always displayed a strong partiality.

The mother died a couple of years after his birth.

Mr. Nickson formed no new connection of the kind, and devoted himself, in his own way, to the training of his youngest son.

Cluny got a fair education, and, as he grew older, became his father's confidant in everything, and, at the time I speak of, was in complete control of the estate.

The benjamin of the family, he never got on with his brothers.

He despised them as ignorant boors; and they looked down on him as a pettifogging sycophant of the father.

And curiously enough there was a strange physical contrast between the youngest son and his brothers.

They, as I have said, were tall athletic men, while Cluny was a small weasened creature.

He had a cunning sallow face, and a head many sizes too big for his body, which gave him the appearance, now at four-and-twenty, of a man who might be almost any age up to forty.

Some years before, he had made an effort to obtain some kind of recognition amongst his neighbors, and had endeavored to cultivate the acquaintance of his cousin, the Vicar.

But Mrs. Nickson had repulsed him with proper pride, and since then he had given himself up entire to the management of the property, which rapidly improved in his capable hands.

And now one morning there came to the vicarage the startling news that Old Nickson was dying.

Mrs. Nickson was too well bred to show any indecent joy, but she greeted her son Bligh, on his late arrival at the breakfast-table, with unusual affection.

It was also observed that she had taken particular care with her hair and dress that morning.

The Rev. James was a kindly, good-hearted man.

Though he had not spoken to his uncle for thirty years, yet he felt it his duty, both as a relative and a clergyman to go and see him now.

Accordingly, directly after breakfast, he set out in his gig for Fort Nickson.

The old gentleman's reception of him was not very cordial.

"Come to see how the place looks, Jim, eh?

"Well, well, I can't keep it much longer now."

His nephew protested strongly that he had no motive of the kind, but wished to make it up between them, now that there was so little time.

"There's nothing to make up, Jim," said the old man; "and if there was, we couldn't enjoy one another's society very long now."

The clergyman tried to induce the old reprobate to think of his past life, and avail himself of the little time left for repentance.

"Ah, yes," said Old Nickson.

"Isn't it a pity, Jim, I did'nt marry her and leave an heir for Fort Nickson?

"How pleased your wife would have been!"

This was more than the Rev. James could bear; so, finding it useless to remain, he prepared to go; but, as was at the door, his uncle, with an ugly leer, fired a parting shot.

"Don't be so down about me, Jim.

"You'll find, when my will is read, that I've not been so bad as you think."

As the old gentleman was chuckling over the discomfiture of his nephew, Cluny, who had been constantly with him since his illness, came in.

The father, after telling his favorite son of the Vicar's visit, said:

"Cluny, boy, bring me the tin case out of the safe; I'm going tell you something that'll surprise you."

"No need to bring it, dad," said Cluny. "I knew it these four years. I opened the case myself."

"Well, Cluny, you're my own son," said the father, with a look of mingled admiration and affection at his hopeful offspring.

The two looked at each other for a minute with a funny expression, as the same idea passed through their minds.

"Cluny," said Old Nickson, as he turned round in bed, "I'd give a hundred dollars to see Mrs. Jim's face when the will is read."

This pious wish was the last that the worthy old gentleman expressed; for about an hour later, when the nurse came to give him some medicine, she found him dead.

And now many people, who had never before shown much attention to the Nicksons at the vicarage, happened to drop in; and the consumption of wine and cake, during the week that elapsed before the day of the funeral, so far exceeded the weekly estimates that the housewife, Mrs. Nickson, would have felt alarmed had she not reflected that it was merely a draft in advance on the Fort Nickson rents.

The family spared no expense in mourning; and, altogether, people who before had not spoken very kindly of the Vicar's wife were disposed to admit that she bore prosperity very becomingly, and looked forward with pleasure to the reopening of Fort Nickson under her auspices.

But at length the great day arrives, and all the parties interested are assembled in the long dining-room at Fort Nickson, to hear the will read.

The Rev. James is not much concerned, being pretty sure that none of the personality is left to him, and, indeed, being quite content with the land, which he considers his already.

Bligh Nickson has been deputed by his mother to take stock of the condition of the furniture, and is doing so to the best of his power.

Many acquaintances have come in after the funeral, and most of them find an opportunity of congratulating the Vicar or his son.

There, too, standing in a group apart in moody silence or talking among themselves in whispers, are the five tall handsome men, the living monuments of the crime and baseness of the dead.

No one speaks to them, and they speak to no one, but stare defiantly at each new comer.

But there is Cluny too, with a curious mixture of deference and a sense of his own importance; for he is indispensable—he alone knows all the affairs of the deceased; and, after seeing every one seated, he is observed, for a few minutes, to converse earnestly with Mr. Barton, the lawyer, into whose hands he has just put the will; and as that gentleman slowly unfolds the parchment, the lookers-on see that whatever Cluny has told him has strangely affected the lawyer.

Cluny then takes his seat, with just a faint look of gratified malice on his face.

After conferring for a few minutes with his clerk, Mr. Barton rises.

"Gentlemen," said the lawyer, "I have just been more surprised than I have ever before been in my professional career.

"The will I hold is one drawn up by myself; and by it all the personal property of the deceased is to be divided equally among six persons, to wit, John, Henry, Arthur, William, Thomas, and Clones Nickson, sons of the testator, as he himself says.

"But, gentlemen, pinned to this will are two documents, of the existence of which I never knew until this moment.

"They are a certificate of the marriage of John Nickson, Esq., with Mary O'Callaghan, dated August 4th, 1842; and the certificate of birth of their son, Clones Nickson, dated September 12th of the same year.

"The Fort Nickson estate, as many of us are aware, was settled for life on the late John Nickson, with remainder entail to his eldest son, and, failing such male issue, to his nephew, the Rev. James Nickson.

"As these documents, if genuine—and I see no reason to doubt it—attest the legitimacy of Mr. Clones Nickson, he is now, under the settlement executed by his grandfather, owner of all the real estate comprised in that settlement."

Had a thunderbolt fallen into the dining-room, the company could hardly have been more astonished.

The first to recover his self-possession was the lawyer, who, scenting a new client, congratulated Clones.

The rest of the company retired more or less awkwardly.

On investigation the documents were found to be perfectly correct; and, from the date of the marriage, it was generally supposed that old Nickson had been induced to take this step by an imprudent speech made in his hearing by a friend of the Vicar.

He had taken his housekeeper to London and married her there by special licence; and such was his influence over her, that she had never divulged the secret.

Clones Nickson broke the entail, sold the property, and left England.

Even the name of the house was changed; and poor Mrs. Nickson's sole connection with the landed interest of the county now is her copyright in the doleful tale—which she not unfrequently tells of "Old Nickson's Will."

A CURIOUS SIGHT IN ROME.—If you were to walk about Rome at this time of the year, during the small hours of the night, you might suddenly be startled by a confused noise reaching you first from a distance, then gradually approaching, and increasing in sound, resembling laments, until they assumed the rumor of a tempestuous sea. Be not frightened, however, merely put yourself within the shelter of a doorway, if you can, and quietly await one of the most curious sights an American can see in a European city. What he will see will be this—firstly, two or three horses, ridden by countrymen, carrying long spikes in their hands—and then a tribe, a body, an army, a storm of sheep, running along the stony streets, and filling the air with their bleatings, and kept in order of march by half a dozen dogs. This strange procession for the capital of a civilized country will last at least a good half hour, if not longer. These sheep are changing quarters, which they do twice a year—once in Spring, once in Autumn. They enter Rome by one gate, and traversing the Corso and other principal streets, they leave by another gate.

They might perhaps pass by another road, but custom has it that they should pass through Rome, as they passed through Rome when Cato was Censor, and when Greek elegance superseded old Roman severity. Whether poor or rich, weak or strong, cruel or generous, Rome has kept up her oldest customs and traditions. Thus, if ever you should see this passage of sheep during an Autumn night rambling through the streets of this Eternal City you may imagine you lived 2,000 years ago, for this is what Cæsar saw, and others before him. The shepherds are dressed in sheepskins, and resemble fauns with their shaggy legs. Occasionally they will stop to pray and sing before one of the madonnas that decorate the corners of most streets in Rome. The noise of these passing sheep is often very annoying to the inhabitants, but no one complains. Romans prefer to suffer any inconveniences rather than abolish an ancient Roman custom.

"IT'S too bad," muttered the elder from the good city of Cincinnati, as he sat down with his wife to a private luncheon at a Paris restaurant. "What's too bad?" she asked. "Why, that Brother Benson should attend the horse races on the Longchamps last Sunday." "How shocking!" exclaimed his partner. "Dreadful!" added the elder. "I would not have believed it if I hadn't seen him myself," and he folded his hands meekly and closed his eyes preparatory to saying grace.

THOSE people who want to know why printers call the boy "the devil" can readily bring themselves to understand it by employing a boy for a few days.

Bric-a-Brac.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—The first Lord Lyttelton was very absent in company, and when he fell into a river by the oversetting of a boat it was said of him that he had "sunk twice before he recollected he could swim."

A BLIND ACTOR.—According to the *Wolverhampton Chronicle* for 1792, "one Briscoe manager of a small theatrical company, though stone blind, plays all the heroes in his tragedies, and the lover in all genteel comedies."

STRENGTH OF SOUND.—The fire of the English, on landing in Egypt, was distinctly heard one hundred and thirty miles on the sea; and a well known writer says, he heard every word of a sermon at the distance of two miles.

A COSTLY TOMB.—Among the splendid tombs, in Agra, in India, is that of the wife of Sha-ge-han, which employed twenty thousand artists and workmen for twenty-two years. It is of black and white marble and has three platforms, with four towers, and a magnificent dome.

NATURAL BREAD.—Earth is eaten as bread in several parts of the world. Near Moscow, a hill furnishes earth of this description, which will ferment when mixed with flour; in Louisiana, the Indians formerly used to eat a white earth with salt; and the Indians on the Oronooka eat a certain unctious earth in like manner.

REPUBLICS.—There are twenty-five republics in the world. They are the United States, France, Switzerland, Mexico, Peru, Colombia, Chili, Ecuador, Bolivia, Argentine Confederation, Venezuela, Guatemala, Hayti, San Salvador, Uruguay, Paraguay, St. Domingo, Costa Rica, Honduras, Transvaal, Liberia, Orange Free State, Turcomania, Andora and San Marino.

BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.—Agincourt is a village in Picardy, in France, where Henry the Fifth of England was intercepted with about twenty thousand men, by one hundred thousand under the Duc d'Alencon, October twenty-five, 1415. The French were defeated with the loss of ten thousand slain, and fourteen thousand made prisoners whom Henry barbarously murdered under a false alarm.

AMPHITHEATRES.—On the triumph of Trajan over the Dacians, eleven thousand animals were killed in those at Rome; and one thousand gladiators fought during one hundred days. The gladiators at first were malefactors, who fought for victory and life; or captives and slaves, who were made to fight for freedom; but soon many lived by it as a profession, and even ladies became gladiators. They continued with modifications for above five hundred years.

AN AFRICAN STORY.—Here is the Kabyle idea of a "tale."—"An old man had seven sons. His wife died, and he remained a widower. Once his sons were seated and talking. The youngest of them said to his brothers, 'Come, O my brothers! let us sell some goats, and with the price of them marry our father again.' They dropped the subject of conversation and passed on to another. The old man said to them, 'Let us turn to the conversation about the goats.'"

RELIGIOUS WARS.—The last of these mad enterprises was undertaken by St. Louis, king of France, who embarked with two hundred thousand men, conveyed in eighteen hundred transports, under the banners of the cross, and landing in Egypt, was defeated by the Saracens, and taken prisoner in 1250, and, though well treated, and liberated in 1270, he embarked again, and landing at Tunis, he and most of his army perished by disease. It has been estimated that religious wars cost christian Europe forty millions of lives, while they deferred the progress of civilization, and conferred a ferocious military character on the people.

SS. AND WHAT IT MEANS.—The origin of the familiar abbreviation SS., so often seen in legal documents, has caused not a little discussion. An exchange says that the received opinion that "SS." is an abbreviation for "Scilicet" is correct in substance. It stands, however, not simply for "scilicet" but for tree repetitions of the word. The court crier prefaces announcement by "Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye;" and in like manner writes, and memorials of courts are prefaced, in contemplation of law by a thrice-repeated "Be it known," or "Know ye." The initial of "scilicet" is doubled to express the repetition in analogy with the familiar use of the doubled initial as an abbreviation for plurals and superlatives.

TO FORETELL THE WEATHER.—If the sun sets in crimson clouds and rises brilliant, or if the stars are numerous and bright, we may reckon on a duration of fine weather. Dews and white morning fogs are symptoms of clear days. A dark and vapory sun, and a sickly looking moon with blunt horns, and a circle around her, or pallid, big and nonscintilating stars, are all signs of approaching rains. If the sun comes up pale and then turns red, or if the moon is large and ruddy, with sharp, black horns, we may count on wind. The chickweed is called the "poor man's barometer," because it shuts up its flowers when wet is approaching. The aurora borealis, when very bright forebodes stormy, moist and unsettled weather. A haze or halo around the sun indicates rain. A halo around the moon is also an indication of rain. The longer the halo the nearer the wet spell. Lack of dew is another rain sign. Sharp white frosts in autumn and winter precede damp weather, and three successive white frosts are an infallible sign of rain. Previous to rain the flies bite sharper and stick to us closer, and bees remain in the hive.

ONE OF THESE DAYS.

BY S. U. W.

Curled in the window-seat,
Watching the leaves
Whirling, whilst raindrops beat
Flown on the eaves.
Dark seemed this world that day,
We two alone,
Changing the gold to gray,
Lived in our own.
Dreaming as childhood dreams,
Life must be good,
Whispering of nobler themes
Scarce understood.
Dreaming all love was true,
Eager with praise,
Smiling at all we'd do
"One of these days."

Here to the window-seat
Came you and I,
Whilst with his noiseless feet
Time hurried by.
Here as in childish days
Used we to dream,
Careless of wiser ways,
"Love was our theme.
Sometimes I wondered, dear,
How it should last,
But the next moment, dear,
Doubts were all past.
Fast as you answer me,
"Love never strays,
Happier still we'll be
One of these days."

Now by the window-seat
Stand I alone,
Whilst the wind drives the sleet,
Making its moan,
Clouds might obscure the sun,
Sometimes of old,
But while Hope's sands do run,
Hearts find the gold.
Love, when the angel hand
Called you away,
When in my clasp your hand
Passively lay,
Faintly your whisper then
Answered my gaze,
"Love, we shall meet again
One of these days.

THE BROKEN RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.

"TEN minutes more, and it will be over," said Sir Basil to himself—he was in the drawing-room alone, waiting for Sir Arthur and the ladies.

The room was brilliantly lighted, and he saw there a magnificent picture that Sir Arthur had purchased that year at the Royal Academy.

It was called "Œnone."

It was terribly, tragically beautiful.

"'There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.'

Hither came the beautiful-browed Œnone, she whom Paris worshipped so wildly, then deserted for golden-haired Aphrodite—Œnone, whose despairing cry will ring through all ages—

"'O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die!
I am the daughter of a river god.
Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
My sorrow with my song.'"

The beautiful face, with its restless passion of misery, was turned to the fair valley where the cleaks slept; "the purple flowers droop, the golden bee is lily-cradled."

On her face was all the pathos of her words—

"'My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,
My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,
And I am all aweary of my life.'"

The despair shown in the face, in the clasp of the folded hands, in the droop of the beautiful head, was grand in its tragedy.

Œnone was leaning against a rock; the wind seemed to stir the white folds of her robe and the dark, unbound masses of her hair.

No one who saw the eyes in the picture could ever forget them—there were so dark and lustrous, so full of burning passion and despair.

Sir Basil was engrossed in it.

He did not hear Sir Arthur enter the room, for he was in the land which human sounds never reach.

Sir Arthur laid his hand upon the young Baronet's shoulder.

"You are absorbed in my new purchase," he said.

"Was there ever anything finer than the tragic sorrow and desolation of that face?

"That long flowing black hair is so beautifully painted that one can almost see the wind stirring it.

"I value that picture most highly."

"I have never seen such sorrow in any human face," said Sir Basil.

Before he had finished the words the door opened, and he knew that he was in the presence of both sisters.

Never did man utter a more vehement, passionate prayer for strength and calmness than he.

One terrible moment passed.

He heard the rustle of soft silken robes as they crossed the room.

Then, with a desperate effort, he raised his head, and looked at them—first at her whom he had loved and lost, her sweet face white as the leaf of a lily, her golden hair shining like an aureole round her head—the woman to whom his heart flew, at whose feet he would have laid his life, the only woman who had ever stirred his soul with the fire and fever and ecstacy of passionate love.

Tall, slender, and graceful, her dark rich dress trailing, her rich hues "falling in a fairy shower," she seemed to float towards him.

Her eyes did not meet his, and no gleam of recognition came into the sweet, colorless face.

He looked from her to the radiant girl by her side, "in whose dark eyes was the light of the setting sun," her face bright with beauty and love, her color vivid and exquisite as that of a wild rose, her every movement replete with grace and harmony.

They differed as a tall white lily from a queenly red rose.

Yet there was something of resemblance—they were alike in grace and subtle elegance of figure, and in the queenly carriage of the head.

Leah led Hettie by the hand.

She brought her to where Œnone, in her eternal sorrow, bewailed a faithless lover, where the exquisite tragic face looked out in its unchanging despair.

Leah had never appeared nor felt so happy as when she laid Hettie's white hand in that of her lover.

She did not notice that one was cold as death and the other burned like fire.

She did not notice that, when she, with happy eyes and smiling lips, went through the ceremony of introduction, those two shrank from each other as though the cold and darkness of a grave lay between them.

"Hettie is so shy," said the elder sister, looking with a smile at her lover.

"She has been ill to-day; that makes her quiet.

"Hettie, look at this picture.

"I persuaded Sir Arthur to buy it.

"I think the last lines in Tennyson's poem of 'Œnone' are the finest ever written, and they are expressed in her face—that beautiful young face which is never to smile again."

"I do not remember them," said Hettie, more to gain time than anything else.

"What are they?"

"'A sound
Rings ever in her ears of armed men,
What this may be I know not, but I know
That, whereso'er I am by night and day,
All earth and air seem only burning fire.'"

Hettie turned away with a shudder which she could not control.

"I can understand those words," Leah added musingly; "a passionate misery must be a burning pain."

The dinner-bell rang, and the General offered him to Leah.

"We will leave these two to bear it," he said.

And Basil in silence went to Hettie.

"We shall never be able to bear it," he thought.

"I must retire, or she."

Hettie laid her hand timidly upon his arm.

He seized it with a vehement, passionate grasp—his very soul was on fire—and then as suddenly let it go.

"How many hours of this torture would there be to pass?" he thought.

The blood ran like fire through his veins; every nerve and pulse thrilled with the sense of her presence; yet he must sit there as the happy lover of Leah, smile and talk and laugh unconcernedly.

"What, in Heaven's name, shall I do with my life," he cried to himself, "if I find one day so hard to bear?"

Hettie was excused from all effort, and her pale face was accounted for by the fact that she had been ill.

The dinner passed, and Leah was dimly conscious of something being wrong, something she did not understand.

She was just a little disappointed that Sir Basil was not warmer in his manner to Hettie.

He spoke to her but seldom, and it was always with averted eyes.

She wondered if it were his great love for her which made him so indifferent to the charms of her sister.

The ordeal was over at last.

When the two girls had left the dining-room, Sir Arthur turned with a laughing face to his companion.

"It is not of much use, for you to remain here," he said.

"Your heart has gone into the drawing-room, and you may as well follow it."

"That is true," assented Sir Basil.

"I told you," continued the General, "what a difference it makes to have two nieces instead of one, though Hettie looks ill.

"I suspect that her life has been harder than we know."

"If ever a man felt inclined to cast himself headlong into a bathomless abyss, I am that man," said Sir Basil to himself, as he walked along the hall to the drawing-room.

"There never was so cruel a fate.

"Why did not some good spirit warn me not to go near Southwood?

"I feel like a murderer when I think of those two girls."

He found them side by side before the new picture.

Hettie did not look at him; but Leah, with a glance, invited him to join them.

"I am fascinated with Œnone," she said.

"How well she loved Paris!

"Do you think he made the wisest choice in giving the golden apple to Aphrodite?"

"Not perhaps the wisest," he replied.

"One goddess offered unlimited power, god-like supremacy, rest in a happy place, and absolute sovereignty.

"The second offered him calmest wisdom, soundest judgment—

"'Acting the law we live by without fear;
And because right is right, to follow right,
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.'

"The third, Idalian Aphrodite, beautiful,

"'Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells,'

offered him love.

"'I promise thee,' she said, the fairest and most loving wife in Greece.'

"Love conquered."

"How could that be," said Leah quickly, "when Paris loved Œnone first?"

Over Sir Basil's handsome face swept a great scorching flush.

Ah, how indeed?

How can a man understand his own heart, or the great mystery of love?

"I suppose," he said, "that the gods of old, like men of all time, have been inconstant in love.

"So all poetry and all mythology say."

"Oh, Basil, you do not mean it!"—and the light of Leah's eyes flashed right into his.

"Some men are surely faithful?"

Hettie moved away from the picture; she went to the other end of the room and took up a book.

He looked after her with haggard, wistful eyes.

Every step of hers seemed to draw his heart with it.

He did not know that life could hold such torture.

"Basil," said the musical voice, "you do not mean that!

"I thought constancy was the gift of the gods."

"I have read that inconstancy is the pleasure of the gods," he answered, laughing somewhat uneasily.

"It may be the scourge of men."

There was a minute's silence, and then a warm white hand stole into his, a dark head drooped near him, and a voice that was sweet as the cooing of a dove said:

"No matter who is false, you are true, Basil.

"You have truth in your eyes and on your lips.

"If all the world proved false, you would be the one true man in it."

The dark eyes were full of love, the beautiful lips seemed to woo him.

What could he do?

"You will always love me, my love, better than all the world beside?"

On the other side of the room was the girl he loved, her fair face averted; near him was the despairing face of Œnone, nearer still the brilliant face of the girl who loved him with her whole heart.

It was like a scene from a tragedy to him.

He half wondered if the lights would go out and the curtain fall.

If only that picture had been away, and the desolation of unhappy love out of his sight, he would have felt less distressed.

"Better than all the world!" continued Leah.

"How weak and worthless all love is!

"I would sooner have hate.

"When Œnone's love was over, her life was ended.

"No half love is worth having—is it, Basil?"

"Heaven knows that it is not," he said, with a great sigh.

He saw the golden head move with a gesture of weariness.

"How hard it must be for her to hear this!" he thought; and his mind went back to that one hour by the sea, when mad hope, love, and despair had mingled.

He whispered some words that comforted Leah, she was so easily made happy by him, and then he said to her:

"Let us do something to amuse your sister; she looks quite lonely there."

And Leah, full of regret for her momentary forgetfulness, hastened to her.

The face that Hettie raised to her sister was ghastly in its pallor.

"You are ill, Hettie?" said Leah.

"Oh, my dear, what is wrong?

"I will get a glass of water for you!"—and she hastened away.

"I cannot bear it, Basil," said Hettie, looking at him with miserable eyes.

"I have not strength."

"Oh, my darling, I would give my life to undo it, to save you from the consequences of my fault, my wretched, miserable fault!"

"What shall we do?" asked the girl despairingly.

"What will become of us?

"Leah loves you so.

"Help me to be true, to her and true to myself, Basil.

"How can I turn traitress to the sweetest of sisters, the kindest and the dearest?

"I must go away: I cannot stay here!"

Was it fancy?

When Leah returned with the water in her hand, it seemed to her that Sir Basil suddenly drew back from Hettie.

Was it fancy?

And, as she opened the door, she thought she heard the words, uttered in a soft, murmuring sigh:

"I cannot bear it!"

She must have been mistaken.

She smiled as she thought what an absurd fancy it was.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

SIR BASIL'S thoughts were gloomy ones as he walked on to Glen.

What was he to do?

This state of things could not last.

Even if he could control himself, Leah was so quick that she would soon perceive what it was that was amiss with Hettie; and then——

Well, he thought it would be far easier to meet death in any shape than to meet Leah after she knew his secret.

He could not witness Hettie's suffering, nor could he bear to think of Leah's despair.

He could not understand the difficulties by which he was encompassed; he was like one groping in the dark.

He determined that he would rest his brain and his thoughts, and then decide.

It was easier to plan than to do.

No rest, no sleep came to him that night.

The sisters seemed to stand on either side of his pillow—Hettie whom he worshipped, Leah who loved him.

He told himself that, if this lasted much longer, he should go mad.

The morning brough him sad intelligence—a note from Leah saying that Hettie was ill, and that the doctor, for whom they had sent in all haste, pronounced it a dangerous case of brain fever.

"Come over as soon as you can and comfort me, Basil.

"I cannot endure to think that I have found my sister only to lose her."

"If she dies, I have murdered her!" he said to himself bitterly.

He went over at once, and found the whole household in despair.

The General met him with outstretched hand and grave face.

"Brain fever!" he said.

"Basil, what can have caused brain fever?

"I cannot understand it.

"And she is in danger—really in danger!

"Poor pretty Hettie!

"What is to be done?"

There was need for Sir Basil to express his sympathy.

If anything could have comforted Sir Arthur in this hour of his distress, it would have been the hearty, honest, evident grief of his young companion.

"I have seen and known very little of illness," continued the General.

"I can tell a case of jungle fever, and I understand ague; but brain fever—it is positively awful, Basil!

"I thought brain fever was the result of trouble, worry, sorrow, or great mental anxiety."

"So I have always understood," said Sir Basil; "but then you tell me she has had a troubled life."

"So she has, poor child; I am sure of that.

"This is one of the evils of life which we must bear with patience.

"We have done all that is possible.

"I have telegraphed to London for two experienced nurses—I cannot leave Leah always in the sick-room—and now we must await the result."

"Does the doctor think there is danger?" asked Sir Basil, with white lips.

"Yes; the fever runs high, and she is very weak.

"I hope, for Leah's sake, you will spend as much time here as possible.

"The days will be dreadfully depressed for her, poor child."

"You may rely upon me," Sir Basil said.

"Indeed the difficulty would be for me to keep away.

"My world is here."

It was indeed a melancholy time.

For many days the shadow of death lay over the household.

It was Leah's first experience of ill or physical suffering, and it impressed her greatly.

The house was put under discipline.

No visitors came; there was no sound heard.

Piano, harp, singing—all were tabooed.

Leah would have shut out if she could the soughing of the wind and the creaking of the great bare boughs.

It was the strange deathlike silence that made the place seem so unearthly.

Not even the barking of a dog was allowed near the mansion.

The poor tortured brain could not endure the least sound.

It was a piteous sight to see the fair head tossing restlessly to and fro on the white pillow; it was never still—from one side to the other it turned with unwearied motion; and the muttering—which is perhaps the most awful accompaniment of brain fever—never ceased.

None of the sufferer's words were intelligible; her utterance was only an inarticulate murmur, vague and terrible.

Once or twice, when Leah was with her, she thought she overheard the word "Glen;" but she concluded it must have been fancy.

It brought no meaning to her, although it was the name of her lover's home.

During those long weeks of weary suffering no man could have been more miserable than Sir Basil.

He wandered round the house like a shadow.

He could not bear to leave it, nor could he bear to be left alone.

He seemed to spend the greater part of the day in asking but one question from different people—

"How is she now?"

He grew thin and haggard; years seemed to have fallen on him.

Leah was troubled about him, and warned him to be careful, for he looked as though he were about to have a severe illness himself.

One day, while the General and Sir Basil were walking along the high-road that led to Arley, they met a huge lumbering wagon on its way to the Hall.

When they drew near it, they found that it was from the railway.

The driver stopped when he saw Sir Arthur, and asked if he was to drive through the park.

"What have you there?" asked the General in wonder.

"Ten packages," answered the burly driver.

"Would you like to see the book, Sir Arthur?"

The General looked at it and found that there were ten packages from Southwood.

Then he remembered that, when leaving there, several things in the cottage were packed up and left at the railway station to be forwarded to Brentwood—Martin Ray's writing-desk, his favorite books, one or two things that the girls prized, Hettie's music, and what few mementoes remained of the dear dead mother.

It occurred to Sir Arthur that any knowledge of the arrival of these things would be hurtful to Hettie; so he tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and on it wrote a note to Leah, telling her that the packages were from Southwood, and that they had better be put away in some remote corner of the house until Hettie had quite recovered and the sight of them would not hurt her.

He gave directions that the wagon should not go near the Hall.

"No one can tell what harm the sound might do to Hettie;" and Basil was struck by his kindly consideration.

Leah read the note and hastened to give the necessary orders.

The packages were stowed away in one of the unused rooms of the western wing.

One of them, a square packet, attracted Leah's attention.

She unfastened the canvas in which it was folded, and found that it was her father's writing-case.

Heaven only knew what burning bitter words had been written on it!

How well she remembered the case!

How often she had seen her father seated at it with frowning brows and flashing eyes!

It lay open before him on the day that she had left him—the day he had cursed her.

She thought of Hettie's words, that the curse must have fallen on her by mistake, and she reflected that it was indeed true that everything had gone wrong with her hapless sister.

If Leah could but have known what the desk contained, she would not have looked at it with such careless eyes.

She forgot all about the packages.

Hettie, though weak as a little child, hardly able to see or hear, was out of danger, and the doctors agreed that she had taken the critical turn which leads to health.

The terrible strain of anxiety was ended, the great mental stress over.

Once more the cheerful sound of merry voices was heard.

Hettie, half amused, half alarmed at her own feebleness, slowly traced the path that led from sickness to health.

It would be some weeks yet, the doctor said, before she could be taken down-stairs, or allowed to see any one—even the General.

It was five weeks since the evening she had cried out to Sir Basil that she could not bear her pain, and the overwrought brain had suddenly given way; it would be some weeks more before she saw him again.

When she was strong, when her brain was clear, and she could think without a hundred fancies weaving themselves in her thoughts, she would make up her mind with regard to her future.

Once or twice, when she had so far recovered as to be able to take notice of what was passing around her, Sir Basil had sent her, by Leah, a few flowers.

She took them without a word and laid them down languidly.

She did not show the least desire to take care of them, and made no remonstrance when they were removed.

"You do not value them, Hettie," said Leah, laughingly, as the flowers fell from the trembling fingers.

"I value you," said Hettie, in a weak voice.

"What a trouble I have been to you all!

"How much better would it have been had I died!"

And that was the burden of her song—how much better it would have been had she died!

She had been so near death, it seemed a pity to come back to life again.

It was a fatal state of mind for an invalid, and one that proved sadly prejudicial to Hettie.

The doctors again grew anxious, and said that, if she were not roused from this state, she would either die or lose her reason.

Her condition was worse than illness.

She did not gain strength; she ate and slept but little.

It was impossible for her to have change of air, as she had still to be carried from one room to another.

Leah, whose loving anxiety was boundless, spent every spare moment with her, and, out of the fulness of her heart, spoke always of Basil.

"You saw so little of him, Hettie; you were with him only for a few hours.

"I am longing for you to get better that you may see him.

"He is wishing so much to see you."

She talked on, quite unconscious of the fact that every word she uttered was like the thrust of a sword.

She did not know that after each of these conversations Hettie spent the night in tears, or she would not have wondered why, with all the care and love lavished on her, the girl grew no better and did not care to live.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"WHAT shall I do to rouse her?" said Leah to herself one morning, after her usual conversation with the doctor.

"She is sweet-tempered, loving, and grateful; but she seems to have lost all desire to live."

Suddenly Leah bethought herself of the packages from Southwood.

Surely amongst them she would find something that, by memory of association, would startle her mind into activity.

Leah went to the unused room in the western wing where the packages lay, and the writing-case was the first thing that caught her attention.

She opened the case, and found it filled with documents.

Martin Ray had evidently arranged it before his death.

There, all yellow with age, the thin edge all worn with folding, were her mother's love-letters, written many years before.

They were tied with blue ribbon, and with them were fastened flowers that had soon died.

He had loved her fair young mother well to have preserved them with such loving care.

She would not open them; they were sacred to her, those letters written by the hand so long dead.

She kissed them with reverence, wondering as she did so whether, if she died young, Basil would keep her love-letters.

She found certificates of her parents' marriage, of her mother's death, and of her birth and Hettie's.

She found a life insurance policy for five hundred dollars, which had evidently been intended for Hettie.

She found some letters which she placed aside for destruction—letters the contents of which she knew well and shuddered to remember.

There were account books showing how Martin Ray had spent the people's money; she turned from them with loathing.

Ah, what was this?

A letter in a square envelope, on which was written—

"For my daughter Leah, written now that I know I am dying, to be sent or given to her after my death."

She looked at it again, mistrusting her eyes while she read the words.

A letter from her father, written when he knew that he WAS dying!

How was it that it had never been given to her?

Plainly no one had known anything about it.

He had written it, meaning, without doubt, to give it to Hettie, had put it in his desk, and had either forgotten it or his sudden relapse into danger had put it out of his mind.

She recognized the bold free handwriting that had been so characteristic of Martin Ray.

She never doubted but that it would be a loving letter, written to take from her the horrible curse which had prayed so heavily on her mind.

She put it into the pocket of her dress; she would read it when she had finished her search.

A few minutes later she had gone back to Hettie's room, with many little mementoes of home that she thought would interest her.

Then a visitor arrived, one of the ladies of the neighborhood, to make special inquiries after Hettie.

Leah went to the drawing-room to receive her, and found that the General and the young Baronet had driven over to Glen.

She was slightly disappointed.

She would have enjoyed a few minutes with Sir Basil; it was her one source of pleasure when she could leave Hettie.

She entertained her visitor, Lady Drake, with all the charm of manner natural to her.

Then, when she left, more charmed than ever with the beautiful *chatelaine* of Brentwood, Leah remembered her letter.

It was rather early to have the lamps lighted, though the rooms were gloomy with a miserable yellow light.

The drawing-room was bright and gay with flowers.

A fire burned in the grate; the vivid flames rose and fell with a dazzling light. The ruddy glow almost overpowered the pale yellow light; it fell with a weird effect on the beautiful picture of "Œnone," and Leah was irresistibly attracted to it. She drew an easy-chair between the fire and the picture, and looked at it with wistful eyes.

The firelight fell on the vale of Ida, on the desolate figure, and the beautiful face so full of despair.

Then she bethought herself that she would read her letter.

She rose and stirred the fire, rousing it into a yet deeper glare; then she drew her chair nearer to the picture, watching the ruddy glow as it lighted up the despairing face of Œnone.

As she looked then, with rest and repose in her dark eyes, with tranquility on her beautiful face, she never looked again.

She opened the envelope; it was a long letter, and she half wondered what her father had to say to her.

She was lost to everything when she had read a few lines.

Her letter ran as follows:

"MY DEAR LEAH,—I had sworn an oath that I would never look at you, speak to you, or address you again. I cursed you—you, the child of my heart, whom I loved better than all the world. You disappointed me in my dearest hopes. The refusal to fulfil the mission for which I had always intended you has been the bane and the blight of my life.

"In my rage and anger I cursed you. I give you the opportunity of evading that curse by the noblest act of self-denial any woman can perform.

"Years ago, when the choice was given you here on a wealthy stranger and your poor father, you gave up father, sister, home, and clung to the stranger. It was a selfish and mercenary proceeding.

"I will give you a chance of redeeming it by an heroic act of self-sacrifice.

"You left your young sister in a desolate home; you left her motherless, friendless, almost helpless; you went to a brilliant, luxurious life. You can atone for it now by giving up for her sake that which you value most in the wide world.

"I have a story to tell you, Leah—one that no one in the world knows but myself, one that gives you a chance to redeem yourself, to return sacrifice for sacrifice.

"I do not demand it, I do not even ask it. When you have read what I have to write, the issue must lie in your hands entirely.

"In the summer-time I was standing before the cottage, looking over the wall which washes the foot of the green hill.

"There came upon me, quite suddenly and silently, the handsomest young man I had ever beheld in my life. Handsome is not the word; he had a grand noble beauty, the like of which I had never seen. He came to me and said that he was looking for the house of Martin Ray.

"He was a frank, princely young fellow, and he spoke as though he rather admired Martin Ray. I talked to him. It was infinite pleasure to converse once more with one who believed in me. I spent a pleasant hour with him. He told me that he had been educated abroad, and had but just returned to England, where he was anxiously studying politics, and that he wanted to understand my political views.

"'If you desire it,' I said to him, 'I will expound them to you. If you are an aristocrat, do not tell me so, for I should hate you; and he never told me his name.

"He came once when I was out, and I, returning home, found him conversing with Hettie.

"He said that he was waiting for me; but, if eyes I read passionate love in a man's face, it was in his. And then only did I begin to care anything about who he was, for Hettie was changed, and I knew that her heart had gone out to the stranger. I made inquiries, silently, cleverly, and I knew all.

"I found that his name was Sir Basil Carlton, and that he was staying at Dene Abbey with my foe, the Duke of Rosedene. I found that my mortal enemy, Sir Arthur Hatton, with the girl who had once been my daughter, but had disowned me, was with him; and once, in all your magnificence, I saw you, Leah. You passed me on the high-road; you were in a carriage with the Duke and Duchess, smiling, proud, beautiful.

"I was on foot, and you did not know that you had whirled past your father, without sign of recognition, without even the curling of your lips.

"I heard too that Sir Basil was your lover; it was whispered to me, whether truly or falsely I could not tell, that you cared much more for the young Baronet than he did for you, my proud, disdainful child. I decided that I would watch events and see for myself if that were true.

"One day, when we were talking—I was growing languid and feeble then—I told Sir Basil the outlines of our history—how the aristocrat, boasting of his wealth and his wealth, had come to take my child from me.

"I told him of the choice which the two sisters made—how one had gone to the stranger, giving up home, sister, me—her father; how the other, loving and faithful, had clung to me.

"I uttered no name, I said no word, which could lead him to think of you. Then I asked him frankly what he thought of the daughter who had deserted me and given up her sister.

"He did not know of whom I was speaking, he had no clue; he simply heard the story, and judged you from his own heart.

"He said the daughter who had so deserted me, who had abandoned her sister, was 'selfish;' that was his word 'selfish.'

"Is it true, Leah? If it be so, I give you an opportunity of retrieving yourself, of making a sacrifice that will prove you are not selfish."

Suddenly the blaze of the fire seemed to die out, and the light faded.

Leah could not see the letters; they swam in a mist before her eyes.

She rose mechanically and went to the fire; she stirred it again.

The flames flickered this time on a face white as the face of the dead; and she sat down again where, when she raised her eyes, they must fall on the dreary desolation and beauty of Œnone.

CHAPTER L.

THE firelight fell on the pages of the letter when Leah opened it again, and it seemed to her as though the words were written in blood, the scarlet flames leaping and playing in mockery over it.

It was a death-warrant that she held in her hands.

She went on reading:

"I cannot tell what steps I should have taken or what I should have done but that I was seized then with a serious illness. Hettie was most devoted to me; she nursed me by day and night. No man had ever a more devoted child. I contrasted my two daughters—the one living at the great house away over the green hill in the midst of luxury and magnificence, beautiful, dainty and proud, ignoring my existence, not knowing, caring or inquiring whether I was living or dead, the other working for me by day and by night, devoting her whole life to me.

"The contrast was not in your favor, Leah. I was ill for many days, but I knew that he came. I slept in the front of the cottage; and during the summer nights, when the window was open, I could hear the murmur of their voices, and I know by the sound of his, musical with love, how matters stood.

"Sometimes Hettie would tell me that the stranger gentleman had called, and that he had left a message for me. She always turned from me, lest I should read the secret of her face.

"She never knew his real name; if ever we called him by name, we spoke of 'Glen,' which I knew to be the title of his place. I was very ill during those few days; my thoughts were not clear.

"But there came a summer night when I felt better and stronger. I told Hettie that I should get up and go down to the garden in the cool of the evening. She objected very strongly.

"'It would do me great harm,' she said. And she seemed so miserable about it that I lay still; but afterwards, when she had gone downstairs, believing that I might sleep for hours, I could not bear it.

"The summer wind came in at the open window, the birds were singing their even-song, the low chanting of the waves sounded musical in the distance. I could not rest. I rose, dressed myself, and stole quietly down the stairs and out into the garden and amongst the trees, where I should be hidden from sight, and could enjoy the sweet evening air at my will.

"I was very weak, very ill. The fresh scented air, for which I had longed so intensely, sent me to sleep. I do not know how long I slept there; but when I awoke, the moon was shining, and I heard the sound of a woman's voice, sobbing in great distress.

"I raised my head, and I saw a scene that has haunted me until the memory of it has driven me to write this. I did not listen purposely, but I could not get away; it was to me as though I were present at a death-bed.

"The sobs were Hettie's, and she was bidding farewell to your lover, Leah—Basil Carlton.

"She loved him—ah me, how well! And he spoke up like the honest, frank, noble young fellow he is. He told her how he had drifted unconsciously into love for her, that he was bound in honor to marry some one else, and therefore he must go.

"They clung to each other with kisses and tears, with such despairing sorrow as I have never witnessed. They were so noble, so good, so loving! He was so loyal, in spite of his seeming untruth, that my heart melted within me. I resolved there and then to tell you.

"They were never to meet again—they decided upon that. I wondered at the fate that drew two sisters into such rivalship without either of them knowing it.

"Leah, give heed to my words. I do not know why Sir Basil asked you to marry him. I am sure that it was not because he loved you. I am sure that he acted in all loyalty.

"He came down to Southwood and saw your sister quite accidentally; he fell in love without knowing it. Hettie loved him with her whole heart, and will love no one else while she lives. They parted in sorrow and tears, both loyal, both honest, both true.

"Whether they will meet again I know not—I leave that with you. The doctor has told me to-day that I have not many weeks to live, and that nothing can change my fate.

"Leah, I cursed you; do this which I ask, and that curse will fall harmless to the ground. When I am dying, I shall send for you, and I may be able to tell you this. When I am dead, ask Sir Arthur Hatton to take Hettie home; it will be safer, far better for her; I can see it now.

"And, Leah, if you would be truly noble, truly generous, if you would make a glorious atonement for your selfish choice, if you would rise far above the level of ordinary womanhood, if you would change a curse into a blessing, if you would do that which will bring music and beauty and brightness into two lives, give up your lover to Hettie, and let her wed him.

"No life lasts long, Leah. It seems to me but a few days since I was a boy, with the grandest of dreams.

"The least of my fancied achievements was to establish a Republic in England, and be elected by the will of the people as its President.

"That was the beginning; the end is—I am dying, comparatively poor, and certainly friendless. Out of the whole wide world there is but one slender girl at my side to help me.

"It seems but a little while ago that I waited at the old meadow gate for your dear mother to pass by, and gave her the roses that I had gathered from the hedge—it seems but yesterday that she died; and of the two children she left me one deserted me.

"No life lasts long; it will matter little to you, Leah, a hundred years hence whether you have married Basil Carlton or whether you have given him to Hettie; but, if you do that, you will have blessed two lives.

"You are beautiful and proud, dazzling and brilliant; peers have smiled on and followed you—the daughter of the man who would have destroyed them all if he could. You are clever and gifted, you have genius, fascination—but no heart.

"If you had been blessed or cursed with a heart, you would not have left me as you did. Hettie has a heart, this great love of

hers will kill her in time, unless you save her.

"You deserted her years ago, save her now; that will atone for it.

"You prefer luxury, wealth, and magnificence to love; marry for these things, and leave Hettie to marry for love.

"Love belongs to Hettie; it is her birthright; she is the very queen of it. To every person is given the chance of making a grand sacrifice once in life; this is yours.

"Do not think I am heartless; but when I look at Hettie, when I think of her devotion and love, when I think of her tenderness, and remember that those are qualities you can live without, I urge upon you to resign your lover, and let him marry Hettie.

"If—and my heart does not deceive me as to what you will do—if you decide upon this, you must act wisely; for, if either of them suspect, the suspecting one will not accept the sacrifice, however much you may desire to make it.

"Your desire in this world is to shine; you prefer brilliancy to love. Love counted as nothing to you when a stranger offered you wealth.

"Hettie would shun the brilliant glare of your life, and would care only for love. You will wonder, Leah, when you have read this, whether I have written it from motives of love or hate.

"From love!

"I always thought you had something of the heroine in your nature; now I give you a chance of revealing it.

"If I may map out your life, I should say, 'Marry for wealth and position, where your beauty and grace will be appreciated, where your pride will be looked on as an additional ornament. Do not even seek the sweeter, softer consolations of life; they will be of no use to you.'

"I have but few more words to add. I place you under the most solemn restriction that the contents of this letter shall be told to no one.

"I was not purposely a spy upon Hettie; but she and Sir Basil might not understand. I shall give this letter to her, and tell her that, if I die without seeing you, it is to be given to you. She will never ask about the contents.

"Now, Leah, from your head, every hair of which was once so dear to me, I raise the curse I laid upon it. Whether Heaven gives the power to man to draw down a curse upon another, I cannot say. If I had that power, I withdraw the words I uttered. Your sacrifice will outweigh your selfishness; the good you may do will outweigh the evil you have done. And now, Leah, once the beloved child of my heart, once the centre of my life and hopes, farewell."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BARBARA GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX. [CONTINUED.]

BUT two of the party at least heard them. Sidney Ashley's face lighted up for a moment with a gleam of pleasure, and then he glanced unconsciously at Barbara's noble face.

There was a look of bitter pain for a moment in her eyes, and then, as they met his, the pain softened into a sad, tender softness, that spoke of utter forgetfulness of self in sympathy for him.

At the moment, he deemed it sympathy for the sudden danger that seemed to threaten one he loved; but as that look returned to him, he remembered its strange, pitying expression, with a truer suspicion of its meaning.

Dr. Somers was holding Claudia's cold hand in his,—his finger on the flickering pulse, with a look of grave consideration.

"What has happened?" he said, turning sharply to Barbara.

"She has had some severe shock."

Barbara bowed her head.

"I must know its nature," he continued.

Barbara was silent, and Mrs. Cowan moved nearer to her.

"Barbara, for your friend's sake, speak the truth," she said, gravely.

"There are considerations superior to mere girlish scruples.

"Where have you been, and what has happened during your ride?"

Barbara looked pale and sorrowful, but she did not speak for a moment.

Dr. Somers' eyes were fixed on her with a suspicious, disapproving look.

"If you have been playing any girlish pranks, young lady, the best atonement you can make to your friend is to confess the truth," said he.

"Her recovery—her life even—may depend on my knowing what has happened."

"I will tell you, sir, all that you need to know," replied Barbara calmly.

"Miss Sabine accidentally heard, while we were out this afternoon, that a bad form of typhus fever was in the village.

"She was exceedingly alarmed, and that shock, together with the accident to her foot, has no doubt been more than she could bear."

"Typhus?" said Mrs. Cowan, fearfully. "Is it true, Dr. Somers?"

"Too true, my dear madam," he replied.

"I am no alarmist, but there is no use in hiding what must so soon be patent to all; and besides, the greater the precaution is taken, the better chance of safety.

"The fact is, the disease got completely ahead of Whitehaven before people would venture to acknowledge it was there, and the neighboring villages are suffering accordingly."

"Has it spread far?" asked the lady.

"There have been six cases already," he replied, "and I fear more will follow.

"I have been called to most of them; but I hear there is a bad attack in the cottage of the Dell, where it has assumed the spotted form.

"But the people in those cottages are new comers, and few persons seem to know anything about them.

"May I ask you, young lady, how you came to hear of this epidemic while on horseback?"

"I have told you, Dr. Somers, the news which reached Miss Sabine, and the alarm it excited," she replied.

"I can scarcely suppose it would alter the symptoms whether she heard it from one person or another."

The doctor gave a prolonged "Whew!!" Mr. Ashley's brow grew gloomily dark, and Mrs. Cowan even looked suspiciously at the haughty mien of her favorite.

"But it may alter my feelings as to the liberty to be permitted in my household," observed Mr. Ashley, coldly.

"I shall certainly request an explanation of your story, Miss Graham.

"Dr. Somers, may I ask you to return to your patient, and give me your final opinion before you leave the house?"

The doctor took the hint; Mrs. Cowan followed him, and the guardian and his ward were alone.

Barbara remained calmly standing by the table; her attitude and look were so quickly unflinching, so fearless, so proudly self-reliant, that Sidney's own pride was roused.

"Miss Graham," said he, "I repeat the question Dr. Somers put to you.

"Where have you been this afternoon, and from whom did you learn a circumstance that I have carefully kept secret from my aunt and Claudia?"

"I repeat my answer, Mr. Ashley," said Barbara, with a quiet, mournful steadiness.

"I am a guest, not a prisoner in your house, and claim the liberty of riding in whatever direction, I please, and speaking to those I choose to hold any conversation with.

"Nor do I acknowledge your authority to prevent it."

Mr. Ashley's nature was too kindred to the proud, self-reliant spirit of the girl, not to have read aright the outraged dignity and self-respect that appeared in every tone and look; but bitter experience had made him suspicious and mistrustful, and he replied with a harsh, passionate contempt that cut Barbara to the very quick.

"I might have expected such an answer from a young lady so independent of all rules and kindness," said he; "but, whatever may be your ideas as to your own conduct, I must, at least, claim for my ward and future wife a different code of morals and manners.

"From this day I shall request that no rides or drives, without my own or Mrs. Cowan's guardianship, shall be undertaken during your residence here."

Barbara's color mounted to her temples; yet, even in that moment of wounded pride and innocence, she remembered the suspicious appearance which her conduct might wear, and there were feelings in her heart that gave her more sorrow than anger, where Sidney Ashley was concerned.

"I had hoped for more justice, for more trust at your hands," she said, mournfully.

"I fancied there was at least one noble heart in the world who could believe there might be concealment without wrong, and who would respect the orphan's unprotected, desolate condition, too much to condemn her unheard.

"But I am undeceived, and it is as well that I should learn to depend solely on myself, and live as I meant to live before you drew me from my solitude.

"I will obey your orders, Mr. Ashley, and in a few days I will return to my home, grateful for the benefits I have received from you; but, please, never try to disturb my tranquil life again."

There was a mournful, resigned expression in her speaking features, a touching yet proud sadness in her voice, that could hardly be consistant with a consciousness of wrong, but Sidney had seen a face that expressed all that fine intellect, that lofty, proud spirit, with a beauty far more entrancing, a manner more fascinating and more winningly soft and yielding; and all this at the same time covering a treachery, a deceit, that could hardly have looked for in woman.

"Barbara," he said, more gently, but with a look that showed he was yet unconvinced, "you do me wrong.

"I may have spoken hastily, but the truth of what I said is unshaken by your assertion of independence.

"I am more pained than indignant that you should in any way forfeit the confidence I placed in you; but you shall not leave my house like an outcast.

"If you have been induced to err, only give me the opportunity, the power to extricate your from the snare, and I pledge my word I will not reproach you nor betray you."

The tears that had stood in her eyes now flowed freely down her cheeks.

"Do not—do not," she said, in broken accents; "I cannot bear it.

"I would rather you spoke sternly, as you did just now.

"It breaks my heart when you look at me as if you indeed believed me unworthy, degraded.

"Let me go, and forget you ever cared for one who seems only to bring trouble and disgrace to those who show her kindness."

"Barbara, will you, can you say that you had nothing to conceal in this unfortunate excursion?" he asked.

She was silent; then she raised her head proudly, and replied, "I cannot and will not say so."

"Can you say," he continued, "that this mystery you confess to was connected with Claudia or yourself?"—"I will not," she replied.

"You will not exculpate Claudia, then," he said, "or you cannot?"

"The person to whom I alluded, never, to the best of my belief, saw Claudia before," said Barbara, "if it is to that your question points."

"It is enough," said Ashley.

"I had thought"—he had nearly said "hoped"—"that your concealment was to shield another rather than yourself, and that I might be unjust in my suspicions. But there is no faith, no truth in woman, and I was a fool to dream of it, even in a child like you; yet once more I would intreat you to pause ere you throw off my guardianship, reject my friendship, my affection.

"Let me preserve you from temptation and hardship as my adopted child, as my sister—Claudia's sister, if you will.

"Throw off these false notions of self-reliance, these dangerous ideas of liberty and independence.

"They are noble in their way, but they must be tempered, toned down to befit your sex and age, or they will lead you to ruin. Barbara, my child, be advised."

"I cannot, I cannot," she said, tears running down her cheeks.

"Cannot!" said Sidney, angrily.

"Are you so deeply entangled, so hopelessly hardened in error?"

"Why 'cannot'?"

"Say I will not, then," she said, proudly.

"Remember, Mr. Ashley, I confess nothing, acknowledge to nothing."

They looked at each other steadily for a moment.

A withering smile of scorn and bitterness distorted Sidney's noble features.

He pushed her from him, saying, in the deep concentrated tone of intense disappointment, "I might have known it, I might have expected it, for Fate has always decreed me just such returns."

"Oh Mr. Ashley!" she exclaimed, in a broken voice, "do not make me repent the day that I ever accepted any kindness from you; ever consented to leave my solitary, quiet, uncared-for life, to taste the pleasures of friendship and human sympathy.

"Heaven knows I am grateful, very grateful, for your generous, spontaneous kindness.

"Oh that I may ever be able to prove it—to requite it in some measure to you, or those dear to you; but I cannot be untrue to my nature, nor false to my trust.

"Let me leave your house in peace, but do not doubt my gratitude—my——"

She stopped: for his face was still hard and unyielding, and she deemed that she might incur his contempt by her passionate pleading.

"Mark me, Barbara," he said, firmly, "your course will be too closely like mine.

"Your pride will wreck you—wreck your happiness, your peace of mind.

"Already its iron hand is crushing your young heart.

"Beware lest you become the hopeless being a similar course has made me—the wretched, ruined creature that one, whom I once thought not to and pure as an angel, has become.

"Beware!

"But why should I strive to warn you? Have not all my prophecies, my warnings, ever been disregarded, my counsel, my love scorned?

"Go—leave me!"

The tone was harsh, the words bitter; but there was a look of sadness in the dark eyes that went to the girl's heart.

She went near him, and took his hand in both hers.

It was cold as marble; rigid as steel.

"My kind friend—my guardian, if you will," she said.

"Would you have me do a wrong (through fear of your displeasure) which would load my conscience with a burden? Will you urge me to be false, to wreck the happiness of others for my selfish ease and gratification, or to gain your approval?"

His face had softened at the sight of her distress; but the last words seemed to lash him once more into bitter displeasure.

"Urge you!" he repeated; "certainly not.

"I will urge you to nothing; care nothing whether you go or stay—do wrong or right.

"You will take your own course, and leave the house without any further remonstrance from me.

"If you should at any future time want help, remember that I will still assist you as a friend.

"Leave me now, if you please. I am anxious to hear of Claudia."

He motioned Barbara away, and she left the room.

Though most utterly miserable, now that Sidney Ashley seemed so completely estranged, her proud nature rebelled at his injustice, and a feeling of bitter indignation dried the tears on her cheek.

That he should suspect her of such infamous deception, such unwomanly disregard of all that was right and true to herself and others, and cast her off with such scornful indifference, cut her to desperation; and she at first, in the fresh agony of her sorrow and resentment, resolved, instead of weeping her poor burdened heart out in bitter tears, to show the cold, angry contempt for his injustice which his treatment justified.

But the woman's heart was fast asserting itself in that proud, lofty nature, and she soon found herself conjuring up excuses for his conduct—recalling the suspicious appearance her own conduct had worn; pitying—deeply—pitying—the noble heart that was doomed to waste itself on a being so unoongenial, so wilful, as the beautiful Claudia.

What could there be in common between his intense feelings, his splendid intellect, his lofty views, and that wayward, passionate, exacting nature, which, however capable of loving, was yet utterly unable to comprehend or to appreciate one so immeasurably her superior!

And did she love him?

In her heart Barbara felt certain that Claudia's acceptance of Sidney Ashley had been solely from gratified vanity—ambition, girlish thoughtlessness—anything but love; nay, more, she now believed that she loved another, and that other an absent and secret, perhaps unworthy suitor.

It grew dark while Barbara mused; but she had not heard Dr. Somers ride from the house, and her anxiety for Claudia's state began to grow painfully acute, though she dared not go to her room lest a renewed encounter with Sidney Ashley might be the consequence.

The sharp pang cut her heart at the novelty of this restraint between her and one whom she began to suspect was dearer to her than she had imagined, far dearer than was consistent with her happiness.

What an immeasurable gulf now yawned between them!

Could it be that the friendly relations of years were thus suddenly and irrevocably annulled?

Would he indeed condemn and relinquish all interest in one whom he had so long and secretly watched and befriended?

What evil star presided over her fate, that she was to be thus divided from every human being who had either excited her sympathies, or shown interest in her?

Lily had cast her off—her affections, interest, mode of life, were totally different from hers; and, as the wife of Philip Joddrell, she would be independent of all the other ties.

Pauline Forbes, Ernest, Claudia, Sidney Ashley—all were estranged from her.

Was there indeed something so repelling, so wayward and eccentric in her nature, or so faulty in her conduct, that all who tried to love and befriend her became so alienated and disapproving?

And yet her heart and conscience acquitted her of wilful or intentional offence or wrong.

An inward sense of power and self-abnegation was still strong within her, and no false humility, no weak self-distrust could make her condemn her own intentions or actions, however cruelly they might have been misunderstood.

Barbara could not condemn herself where there appeared no just cause for blame, but still a feeling of utter desolation crept into her heart.

She struggled desperately against it, and asked, in proud defiance of the feelings swelling within, "Am I not sufficient unto myself?

"Leaning on myself, what more should I want?

"I have been false to myself, not to others.

"But even now it is not too late; henceforth I will renounce such weak dependence on any human being.

"His sympathy is unnecessary, his help I would scorn; his heart is another's.

"Mad fool that I am, even to dream that he could ever have wasted a thought on me, had it been otherwise."

Then she rose, and brushing away the tears that had flowed unnoticed in the involuntary self-pity of her musings, she walked hastily up and down the room, trying to form just and dignified plans for her present conduct.

Should she leave at once, without further interview or leave-taking, in proud defiance of his counsel, and disregard of his opinion—in spite of Mrs. Cowan's kindness, of Claudia's mysterious danger, of all but her own outraged and indignant heart?

It was a difficult question to solve for one so young, so lonely, so sorely tried, and the pause she made in the decision was a proof of her unselfish nature and balanced intellect.

A knock at the door startled her, and in answer to her "Come in," Mrs. Cowan's maid entered with a tray in her hand, and said:

"My mistress is gone to bed, Miss Barbara, and feels too ill to see even you.

"But she bade me bring you some refreshment, and tell you that she hoped you would see to Miss Claudia, if you were well enough, as Dr. Somers wishes some one to remain with her all night, and she can't spare me to be with her, and the other servants seem all frightened and crazed like about this fever."

Barbara's heart revived at the faintest prospect of being of use to some one.

It was something to bind her to her kind.

"You are very kind, Harriette," she said.

"I will go to Miss Claudia as soon as she is alone.

"Is Dr. Somers gone, and——"

She stopped, fearing she might betray herself if she mentioned Sidney Ashley's name.

"Yes, Miss Claudia is in bed, and I don't believe myself that there is much the matter," replied the maid.

"It's for all the world like hysteria; and when she's had a night's sleep she'll be all right, if only she doesn't frighten herself into the fever.

"I'm terribly sorry it's got about in the

house, Miss Barbara, and my mistress is of course nervous and unlike herself—her old self, I mean.

"I remember the day when she would have cared for nothing.

"Please take something now, miss," she added.

"Did you know of this epidemic, Harriette?" asked Barbara, accepting the wine offered her by the woman, though she could not have touched a morsel of the food temptingly arranged for her.

"Of course I did, miss," was the ready reply.

"Such news as that soon gets about; but Mrs. Soames, and Mrs. Haylock, and I agreed to keep it quiet.

"Indeed, it was Mr. Ashley's order that it should not be talked about, especially before you young ladies and the under servants."

"Did you know that it was in the cottages by the Dell?" again questioned Barbara, eagerly.

"Of course I did, miss.

"Indeed, I suspect they brought it to the village, for I never heard of it till they came from Whitehaven."

"Then they have not been there long?" asked Barbara.

"I believe not, Miss Graham.

"Of course it was no business of mine, and I didn't trouble my head, till I heard of this fever, as to who came or went in these parts.

"But I did hear Mrs. Soames and Mrs. Haylock say that a stranger came down from London, and took the two cottages right off at a high rent, and bought furniture in Whitehaven, and in less than a week the lady that's ill now, and a foreign-looking woman came into one, and the gentleman that took them, and an old woman, and an ill-looking man enough, arrived at the other one.

"But whether they had anything to do with each other no one could tell, though there was a good deal of talk about strangers coming to such a lone place; and some one said they must have known it in old times, or they'd never have thought of such a thing."

Barbara had caught eagerly at the faintest chance of obtaining information about the mysterious inhabitants of the cottage, but it was evident that Harriette had but little to tell, and she was recalled to a sense of the apparent idleness of such questions by an unmistakable air of weariness of the subject that displayed itself in the woman's manner, as plainly as a well-trained servant could be supposed to display it to a superior.

"Then Miss Claudia is alone now?" said Barbara.

"I think so, miss, unless one of the servants is in the dressing-room."

"I will go at once, then, and sit there all night," said Barbara.

"Tell Mrs. Cowan she may rely on me, Harriette."

"She knows that well enough, Miss Graham; but if you'll take my advice, you'll wrap yourself up in a warm gown, and I'll make it nice and comfortable for you on the couch.

"There's no good wasting strength, I always say, though young people don't understand it."

"It matters not to me," said Barbara, sadly.

"However, I will take your kind advice, Harriette."

"Then come with me, and I'll see to you, Miss Graham.

"I'm not going to let you kill yourself, neither."

She led the way, not to Claudia's room, but to a large apartment which was attached to the suite of rooms occupied by Mrs. Cowan, and where Harriette generally established herself in the intervals of attendance on her lady.

"Now, Miss Graham, you'll just wrap yourself in this warm gown.

"It's an old-fashioned affair, but I found it in a wardrobe in this old room, and it belonged to a lady, that's certain."

It was a splendid robe both in quality and warmth, a rich Indian cashmere, soft and thick, and fine as the most precious fabrics of the East alone can be, lined with soft monivir fur, and trimmed with the same costly stuff.

It was in wonderfully good preservation, albeit the crimson was perhaps somewhat dimmed, and the fur slightly fretted and soiled in some places, rather from neglect and time than from actual wear.

Harriette arrayed Barbara in this robe with motherly care, and tied the heavy girdle of silken cord round her waist and at the throat as jauntily as if it had been a ball dress rather than a wrapper.

"Bless me, Miss Graham, I never did see anything like the likeness to that picture," she said, surveying the girl after her work was completed.

"Why, in that gown you are the very living image of Miss Florence—the picture, I mean.

"Just look!"

She held a mirror to the girl as she spoke, and Barbara really started as she looked at her own image.

The crimson robe was of the same hue as the velvet dress in which Florence had been taken, and cast a similar glow over her creamy skin.

Her rich black hair strayed from its confinement, and fell partially on her throat and shoulders, in the same fashion with Florence's picturesque coiffure, and the dark eyes looked thoughtful and soft, from the recent tears and the emotion she had endured.

"Dear me," said the maid, "you'd think you were her daughter, Miss Graham, only you're too young.

"But, dear me, I'm forgetting how time goes, and I must give my mistress her medicine.

"There's eight o'clock striking, I declare."

She hastily snatched up some other articles that her experience fancied might be useful; a down coverlet, an air pillow, and some bottles of cordial were speedily selected, and conveyed to the dressing-room adjoining Claudia's bedroom.

"They say Miss Claudia's got the same rooms Miss Florence used to have," whispered Harriette, as they entered the apartment.

"Mrs. Soames says they have been shut up so carefully that everything looked quite fresh, and only just a few things were put in to make it light and modern."

Barbara felt a strange interest in the unknown daughter of the Ashleys, whose name seemed so constantly brought before her, and at any other moment she would have asked whether any particulars of her story had been related by Mrs. Soames in her gossipping; but there was no time for parley; for the young housemaid, who was seated in the room, pointed softly to the partly open door that led to Claudia's room, and said:

"She is asleep, miss, from the medicine, and is not to be disturbed on no account."

Barbara nodded, and taking the coverlet and pillow from Harriette, she stole noiselessly into Claudia's room, and gazed at the pale, beautiful features, now in the repose of sleep.

They were still and quiet, but the troubled look was still round the mouth, and the deep rings of dark hue round the eyes bespoke the suffering that the mind and body had gone through in that brief space of time; and the lips parted more than once as Barbara watched her, in silent, gentle movement, as if to speak some familiar words—to call on some loved name.

Barbara stood, and thought of Sidney Ashley's fine, noble face, his lofty form, his matured intellect, and then of the young, fragile, impulsive being on whom such light trials wrought such sudden changes.

Was it his name that trembled on the lips?

It was another sound that trembled on her lips, that murmured, half inaudibly, from the parched tongue, even as Barbara stood contemplating the deep yet troubled sleep in which the anodyne had plunged the sufferer.

It was not that of her plighted husband, though the watcher could not catch the indistinct sounds.

Barbara turned away with a sick heart.

All seemed dark, troubled, and hopeless; not even one gleam of reflected light in the happiness and safety of those dear to her shone on her path.

Once more the despairing cry rose in her heart.

"Oh mother, mother, why did you leave me in this cold, wretched world?

"Oh, if I were but with you, in peace, peace!"

And then a still, secret voice seemed to whisper in her ear:

"Peace I leave with you; peace I give unto you."

She fell on her knees beside the low couch which was to be her resting-place for the night, and wept soft, refreshing tears of humility and faith.

Would she have changed places with Claudia at that moment, with the load of deception and treachery that rested on her?

No, not even for the sake of winning Sidney Ashley's love—not for the sake of that beauty which seemed the passport to gain hearts; that beauty which had procured Lillian a mother, home, wealth and love: which had covered the innate meanness and selfishness of Pauline Forbes—which had won the noble heart, had obscured the mental vision, the acute intellect of Sidney Ashley.

Long had Barbara pined and coveted that gift of beauty, rather as a passport to love than a claim to admiration; and it was in that silent, dark chamber that she first won the victory over that weak, murmuring, envying spirit; first told herself in honesty and truth, that there were gifts to which beauty was as worthless tinsel—a shadow to a substance—a temptation to be feared rather than coveted.

There was a noble calm, a repose, a self-mastery in the expression of that speaking face, when Barbara rose from her knees, that was worth a whole world of loveliness; a depth of soul, of thought, which gave an unspeakable charm to her features.

The fierceness of that strife was past, if the sadness and love remained.

She gave one more glance at the sleeper, and then prepared to lie down on her low couch.

The lamp was placed so as to throw its light on her own figure, which slanted from Claudia's bed, so that her eyes might fall instantly on her companion on waking from her slumber; and Barbara, satisfied with the arrangements she had made, sunk into the deep sleep of exhaustion and mental suffering.

How long she slept she scarcely knew; but the lamp was low and flickering when the sound of her own name roused her.

"Barbara, come."

It was Claudia's voice, and in an instant she was at her side.

"Are you better, dear Claudia?" she asked.

"Yes; that is, at present," she replied; "but the fever—oh, Barbara, that horrid vision has haunted me for all those hours since I was in that fearful house.

"I shall take it, I know it, I feel I have the infection: the chill is on my heart, my spirit.

"Barbara, you will not leave me?" she said, and her loving eyes were bent beseechingly on Barbara's face.

Barbara hesitated.

It had been her intention to leave Ashley Court on the following day.

She felt it was the only safe or dignified course, unless the cloud that hung over her could be removed.

"And yet, how could she resist that pleading look and tone, that trembling voice, and pale, terror-stricken face?

"If you should become worse, you may depend on me, she said quietly.

"But try to command yourself, dear Claudia; there is no danger but from your excessive terror.

"If you would escape, you must keep calm."

"I cannot, I cannot," she replied.

"Have you not heard of the terror which all Italians have for fever? and the Italian blood is warm and true in my veins.

"Oh, it is too terrible!"

She stopped, and a shiver ran through her.

"Barbara, does he know?" she asked suddenly.

"He only knows that you heard accidentally of the fever, dearest—nothing more," was the reply.

"Thank Heaven!" she said.

"I have seen his eyes bent sternly on me, all in my dreams, and thought he held me a prisoner in his angry grasp.

"Oh, Barbara, promise that he shall never know.

"Even if I die, let him think kindly of me."

"Dear Claudia, this is worse than folly," said Barbara.

"There is no danger."

"Promise, promise," she said, impatiently.

"I do. But tell me, do you then love him so deeply?" said Barbara.

"I honor him," she replied.

"I would not seem to him other than he thinks me."

"Claudia, if I keep your secret, if I obey your wishes, you must trust me," said Barbara.

"Tell me, is there no one else whom you love as woman can love, to whom your feelings make your engagement to Sidney Ashley a burden, a chain to you?"

"Why do you wish to know, Barbara?" said Claudia, moving restlessly, and snatching away the hand that Barbara had taken.

"Why are you so anxious to part my guardian and myself, to prove me unworthy of him?

"Claudia, I need not answer you," she said.

"You know well that it would be nothing short of insanity to dream of such an idea."

"It is not insanity," said the invalid, fretfully.

"I believe he could love you far better than he does me; a worshipper of intellect as he is, he must appreciate you.

"Barbara, you love him too; I saw it perhaps before you did yourself; but——"

A warm glow came over the orphan's heart at the first words of the invalid, but the glow changed to an angry, indignant flood of shame and outraged delicacy as the girl went on.

"Claudia," she said, "never say that again as long as you live, if you wish me to continue your friend."

"Would you betray, desert me, then?" said the sufferer, bitterly.

"Is this your lofty sense of duty, Barbara?"

"May Heaven grant me patience for that same duty, Claudia, for you are determined to try it to the utmost!" said Barbara.

"If you could tell me from your heart that it is the jealousy of love, I could pardon it.

"But it is not so; and Heaven help you both if you persist in this treachery to a noble heart!"

"Again, again," said the girl, always thinking of him, and forgetting the poor child-slave he trained for his wife, like an Eastern tyrant.

"But you cannot help it, I see, I know you cannot; yet I trust you, you quaint, grave old Barbara!"

A gleam of the old gaiety passed over her wan features, and for a moment her terrors seemed forgotten in the girlish badinage of her early friend; then a sharp spasm seized her, and a deadly paleness came over her face.

"It is there—I feel it!" she cried.

"Save me, save me, Barbara!

"The chill is on me now."

"Claudia, dearest, be calm," said Barbara.

"It is impossible you could feel it so soon even if you had taken the infection.

"It is only your extreme terror and exhaustion from yesterday that you feel."

"No, no, I am stricken, hopelessly stricken!" she said, mournfully.

"Barbara, do not leave me!—and stay—listen! There is a packet in you desk—the key is on my chain.

"If I die, destroy it; let no one see it. If any letters come for me, Stephen will take care——; but no, no, he has forgotten, perhaps is gone—gone for ever!"

Claudia's voice trembled painfully as she grasped Barbara's hand with convulsive agony. But it was no time for reproach or inquiry, and Barbara supposed the sad, reproachful disapproval and surprise which the broken revelation excited, in prompt efforts to relieve the sufferer. She rang the bell hastily, and then pouring some warm cordial into a glass, she made the shivering girl drink it, and wrapped her in her own arms, to instill some warmth and courage in the frame till the maid appeared.

"Send at once for Dr. Somers, and call Mrs. Somers to me," she said, calmly; "and do not return till I send for you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scientific and Useful.

DUST.—Dust mixed with air is found to be, under certain conditions, a dangerous explosive. Thus, if a large log of wood were ignited, it might be a week before it would be entirely consumed; split up into cord-wood, and piled up loosely, it would, perhaps, burn in less than an hour; cut into shavings and allow a strong wind to throw them into the air—or in any way keep the chips comparatively well separated from each other—and the log would perhaps be consumed in two or three minutes; but if ground up into fine dust or powder, and blown in such a manner that each particle is surrounded by air, and it would burn in less than a second.

ELECTRICAL PHONOGRAPH.—Various experiments have been made for months past, with the "electrical phonograph," as it is called, the result appearing to show the success of the contrivance for composing and reproducing tunes, which are played on the piano. Each key has a separate wire connected with it, and the touching of a note on the piano makes an electric contact which lasts so long as the note is depressed. The wires pass to a series of revolving toothed wheels, and the passage of the current through a particular wire brings the corresponding wheel in contact with a moving band of paper, and continues to chip off bits of paper so long as the current is passing. The result is that, after a piece has been played, the band of paper is marked with holes and slits corresponding to the different notes and their durations. To reproduce the music, the paper is passed between a metal rod and a number of springs, each one connected with a note on the pianoforte.

SUBMARINE VESSEL.—There is being a vessel constructed in Norway which it is claimed will accomplish what no other submarine craft has ever been found equal to, notwithstanding the numerous and costly attempts heretofore put forth in a similar direction. The plan or design contemplates a vessel capable of moving under water, at a depth of some thirty metres, for a period of twelve hours, without necessitating any renewal of air. Steam is the motor employed, and the speed reckoned upon is greater than that attained by sailing vessels. Practically, the management consists in simply sinking the vessel by opening certain valves, but its return to the surface involves more complex operations. An electric-light, which is to be supplied, will, it is ascertained, render objects fairly distinguishable at thirty or forty metres. For renewal of air it is not necessary that the vessel rise to the surface—the means resorted to for this purpose being an apparatus that can be sent up, and which, by working a pump, forces air into suitable receivers.

Farm and Garden.

CIDER.—The best of cider is made from apples which are rather astringent in their proportion of flesh and juice, apples the juices of which contain the largest per cent. of alcohol, as the Hessian, Canfield and the Virginia crab.

SEED CORN.—Seed corn should be saved while husking, if not before. Take one perfect ear from stalks bearing two or more, throwing it to one side with the husk attached. A perfect ear has all rows perfect, a small butt end, the cob well tipped out with grain and covered with husks, the kernel uniform and well ripened.

TO KEEP TURNIPS.—Select a spot where the drainage is good. Dig a trench sixteen inches wide and as many more inches in depth. Deposit the roots in this trench and cover with the earth taken out. More earth may be needed as winter approaches. If severe cold weather is expected place over all long stable manure or coarse litter of any kind.

GRAPE ARBORS.—Among some of the absurdities of amateur gardening is the putting up of an expensive grape arbor, and then putting out small vines to run over it. Better let them grow for a year or two over strong bushy stakes, and put the arbor up after the plants have grown. The vines will grow the better for this, and the arbor will have that many more years to last before it rots away.

HUSKING.—Some people who husk corn throw the shock upon the ground, spread it out, and go to work on their knees. They know no better. If they will make a frame four feet wide and long enough to hold a shock after it is spread out, with a board in the middle running lengthways, to sit on, they will find they have done a sensible thing. The frame may be eighteen inches high, or any other height they may like better.

LEAVES FOR BEDDING.—A farmer writes: In the scarcity of rye straw, and the absence of saw-dust, and other material for bedding cattle, we have been forced to use forest leaves to keep the horse and cow in cleanly condition, and on the whole are much pleased with them. The gathering was from the road side, and along the walls where brush and leaves had accumulated for years. A few basketfuls were put under the animals every morning, and kept there until they were well saturated with the urine, and then thrown out into the manure heap. With a plenty of this material, kept dry under a shed, and used abundantly, there is very little loss of liquid manure. As an absorbent, it is much more effective than we expected to find it.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 21, 1882.

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SOCIAL VIRTUES.

There are many ways by which people endeavor to convey an impression of their own superiority, but none perhaps so small and cheap as that of depreciating other claims to which they make no pretensions. One man will admit with an appearance of frankness that he does not pretend to much generosity, but he hopes he knows how to be just. Another will own that he does not try to say pleasant things, but he trusts he speaks the truth. Another will declare that, although he cannot boast of being particularly industrious and frugal, he would never desert a friend or do a mean action. In reality this kind of boasting is intended to claim a monopoly of some special excellence, and an immunity for the absence of others.

Such persons, by seeming to scorn one good quality in which they know they are deficient, hope to gain an increased credit for another which they think they possess. Yet nothing could be more truly absurd. Is a man more just because he is not generous, or more truthful because he is careless of giving pain, or more benevolent because he does not control his inclinations?

And not only in matters of this kind, but others, men are constantly losing sight of realities, of principles, of essential things, and half unconsciously substituting the means and appliances by which they might obtain them. They get so entangled in a labyrinth of details and false pretenses that they cannot arrive at the great whole to which they should lead them. Thus it is that so many failures and disappointments await them, and so many purposes slip away unaccomplished.

The true ideas of social life are mutual good will, sympathy, friendship, help, affection, happiness. In pursuing these, tact and common sense suggest certain observances, excellent in their way when used only as appliances, but wretched subterfuges when, as is too often the case, they are made to fill the place of reality. Thus, assumption often succeeds better than real merit, etiquette comes to be valued above kind feeling, politeness above sympathy, good manners above the goodness of heart, which it is supposed to represent. Truth is sacrificed to pretence, reality to appearance.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A MAN over sixty years of age is reported by a British journal to have made 150 miles in 24 hours on a tricycle. A younger rival did 186 miles in the same time.

—

EVEN the sacred sunflower of the æsthete has been dragged from the high altar of art to take its place in the market as a drug. It is found to have anti-malarious properties, and the inner brotherhood will soon be using their favorite emblem in the form of a tincture.

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IN Baltimore a man was convicted of beating his wife, and the convict was terribly surprised when the Judge, instead of fining him a few dollars and letting him go, announced that under the new law adopted in Maryland, his punishment would be thirty lashes on the bare back.

—

THE Italian Government owns all the railroads in Italy, but it finds the investment unprofitable. A commission reports that rates are no lower than the average in five European countries. In addition, the appointment of 54,000 railroad officers, even by competitive examinations, is a grievous strain on the public administration.

—

AN English military critic says: "It is not impossible that within a comparatively short space of time methods of destruction even more terrible than those which the thoughtful disposer of torpedoes commands, will be pointed out by science and accepted with all gratitude as happy additions to the resources of a belligerent."

—

A SACRAMENTO paper says that there has been discovered in the sandstone rock at the Nevada State Prison what is considered a great find. It is the marks of the sandaled foot of a human being, and the marks of the tracks of a mammoth in the same piece of sandstone, or upon the same level, showing that man and mammoth lived not only in the same age, but in the same year, and, perhaps, in the same day. These marks were found in the sandstone quarry at the depth of fifteen feet on what is supposed to have been, at the time the marks were made, the border of a lake, where the man, in all probability, went fishing, and the mammoth to drink.

—

ACCORDING to a native Japanese paper, the picturesque old junks which have so often figured in stories and pictures of maritime life in the far East are rapidly disappearing, at least as far as Japan is concerned. Ship-building in Japanese style is so far giving place to foreign construction, that by and by there will be no such thing as a junk except in paintings.

—

THE Belgian Academies offer a prize of 3,000 francs for the best essay on the destruction of fishes by the pollution of rivers. Competitors will be allowed till October 1, 1884, to send in their papers. Among the topics suggested for treatment are the investigation and indication of practical means for purifying the waters issuing from particular industrial works, so as to render them compatible with the life of fishes without compromising industry.

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SOME time ago the fact was made prominent that the people of this country spend for kid gloves ten times as much as is given for the conversion of the heathen. Now it comes to light that the bees of America raise more money than the total sum of contributions to foreign missions. These industrious insects turn out a honey crop yielding over $3,000,000. The amount given for foreign missions is somewhere in the neighborhood of $2,500,000.

—

TORONTO, Canada, keeps Sunday in a more rigidly quiet way than any other city of its size on this continent. The street-cars do not run, the bootblack boys are not on duty, and all the telegraph offices are closed except the central one, where one man remains all day to attend to important messages. The cab stands are deserted, and anybody who wants a vehicle and team must go to a livery stable for it. The drug stores are open at certain hours, and that only for the sale of medicines. The liquor shops close at seven on Saturday evening, and remain closed until five on Monday morning. It is said by those who claim to know that only the front doors are closed, and that the thirsty can be admitted by the back door and obtain what they want.

—

ONE of the curious developments of trade in Southern California is the traffic in tarantulas and their nests. It is an entirely new avenue of trade, and to a Hebrew seems to belong the honor of discovery and velopment. He began a short time since to gather their curious and ingeniously-contrived nests for relic-hunters and curiosity-seekers, and as the sale increased, he began the capture and preservation in a state of nature the tarantula itself, which he does by injecting into the animal arsenic in considerable quantities. In certain localities these insects are quite numerous, and the industrious hunter will sometimes capture two dozen in a day, and these, when prepared and mounted bring $6 a dozen.

—

THREE physicians of Milan, Italy, declare they have discovered a cure for hydrophobia. So confident are they that if a pecuniary reward is offered sufficiently large, one of them will allow himself to be bitten by a dog in the presence of witnesses, so as to test the value of the antidote. They ask that a fund shall be raised to test this important matter publicly. In the meantime an American physician declares that he has successfully treated hydrophobia by giving medicines which brought on profuse perspiration. There ought to be prizes for antidotes to maladies which are dangerous, or are usually considered incurable. Hydrophobia is the result of specific poisoning, and there should be some way of neutralizing the virus.

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ACCORDING to the information furnished by recent numbers of the *Fershaam*, the journal of the Ispahan, civilization is making considerable progress in Persia. A large college, which was completed last year with government aid, has now commenced its work in earnest among the upper classes of Persian youths, who will have the advantage of tuition at the hands of professors who, if not European, have at least graduated at the principal seats of learning in Europe. Further signs of progress are to be found in the increased employment of Europeans in connection with railways, telegraphs, etc., and in the recent decree for the assimilation of weights and measures throughout Persia.

—

IN Providence, R. I., there has been a lively discussion among the Methodist ministers as to ordaining women to the ministry. Most of the brethren were in favor of licensing them to preach, but were opposed to ordaining them, so as to put them on a par with men. One minister made the objection that a woman could not, with any degree of convenience, administer baptism by immersion. This was looked on as a very far-fetched argument, as Methodists do not, except in rare instances, baptize by immersion. But a Baptist brother who happened to be present took it in a very different way. He said he saw in it an indication that the day was coming when Methodists would abandon the unscriptural method of baptism, by sprinkling, and adopt the only true way, namely—immersion. This brother, however, did not prevail on the Methodists to agree with him.

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THE Rev. Dr. Patton, President of Howard University, and the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, have had a disagreement over the question whether lying is ever justifiable. Dr. Patton says that a lie intended to deceive a murderer, and therefore save a life, is sinful, and he blames Dr. Buckley for teaching otherwise. Dr. Buckley reasserts his views as follows: "In case of an attempt to commit murder or any other high crime, a denial of the presence of the person, or an announcement of his departure, seems to me to be right. The man about to do murder has no claims upon me growing out of human or divine law. If possible, I must seize and confine him, and hand him over to the officers of the law. If this cannot be done by force, I must prevent his act; if this be impossible or hazardous, any stratagem to accomplish the end is right."

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IT appears from chemical investigation, opium is generally worse even than it appears to be, from the fact that, on account of its many adulterations, its strength can only be guessed at. Some samples lately analyzed show that over a third of the mass was composed of crushed linseed. Other samples are found mixed with licorice, gum arabic and tragacanth, cashew, sesame oil, sand, vegetable earth, lead, starch, and animal excrement. A lot imported into England looked well, but contained only two per cent. of morphine. Bullets of clay, chopped poppy leaves, rumex leaves, tubercles of helianthus, dahlia, colchicum, and dried mushrooms are found, the resinous character of the substance being supplied by a plentiful use of pitch. Turkish opium contains raisins, crushed poppy, desiccated eggs, wax, rosin, and pulverized brick. One sample was made up of opium, clay, and dried excrement.

—

THERE are two interesting "Housekeeping Schools" in the kingdom of Wurtemburg, Germany, which have something of the character of a secondary school or college, no girl being admitted to them till she has passed through the ordinary schools. The general aim of the course of lectures and of the practical work at these institutions is the cultivation of "cleanliness, order, punctuality and efficiency in housework and farm-work." All the work o the house is done by the pupils during the day hours. The evening is devoted to lectures on various subjects, singing, and drawing. In both institutions the programme is divided into three branches of instruction—housekeeping, woman's work, and continuation of the teaching acquired in the primary school. The first of these branches includes cooking, bread-making, washing, ironing, clothes-making, gardening, the management of all articles of ordinary food, such as milk, fruit, meat, etc. Under the second branch are found the use of the sewing-machine, embroidery, and even cobbling, with instructions in the manufacture and character of the various stuffs and materials, such as wool, silk, cotton and lace. The third division embraces mental arithmetic, dictation, book-keeping, singing, and lessons on health.

"HAD I BUT KNOWN."

BY ALICE E. MCALILLY.

Upon my sill a bright bird did trill
His happy song one day,
And then he sought—or so I thought—
A chance crumb cast away.

No crumb was there, so through the air
The songster took his flight;
Then quick did I with crumbs supply
The sill, with eager might.

I waited long, but bird or song
Ne'er cheered my heart again
The seeker sought, but ne'er forgot
The seeking that was vain.

"Had I but known," oh! sweet bird flown,
That you would come indeed,
With what fond glee and lavish fee
Had I supplied your need.

O, birds of love who seek our care
Unbidden guests—and yet
Our own delay has cast away
Swift joys, and left regret.

"If we had known," oh! had we strown
The crumbs to ev'ry need?
How can we guess just when to bless
And cast abroad the seed?

Her Last Sacrifice.

BY OLIVE BELL.

"PARENTS provoke not your children to wrath," was a Biblical injunction entirely unknown to Mrs. Harmon Troy. In fact, the divine command "Children obey your parents," was taken in its literal sense, and the parental behests, although after the outgrowth of malice, caprice, or selfishness, must be obeyed without demur.

For, if we look the matter fairly and squarely in the face, we will find that many parents, especially mothers err, in the training of children, and rear them up to unhappiness by their selfish exactions of love and duty.

Now Mrs. Troy had nothing in this life to make that life a burden, if she had looked at her advantages and surroundings, in the right way.

Her sons had married girls of her own selection, her two daughters had yielded to their mother's wishes in the choice of husbands, and her only remaining child was, at twenty, a pattern of docility and gentleness.

Whether any of her married children were happy or not, I cannot say, for if any of them secretly regretted the influence that brought about their marriage, they kept it to themselves.

But on Annis fell all the burden, the dreariness and selfishness of her mother's declining years.

After her father's death, Mrs. Troy rapidly failed in health, or imagined she did; and Annis took up her character of nurse, companion, and daughter, with a stoical determination to endure all things to the end.

Their pleasant home was kept in a state of constant mourning: visitors were excluded, and Annis gave up one pleasure after another, until she ceased to wish for them.

Self-denial, even in the most trifling things, became a second nature to her, and if the young girl's heart ached over vanished dreams, she made no moan.

One June morning, Annis stood in the bay window of her mother's favorite sitting-room, feeling unusually depressed.

Her mother had passed what she called a "wretched night," and want of sleep gave an added languor to the girl's pulses.

It was a dainty room, full of comforts, and even luxuries, for the furniture, plain but tasteful, was arranged with more than usual taste, the snowy curtains, graceful ferns and plants in chaste vases in the deep windows, choice pictures on the pearl-colored walls, and knick-knacks scattered here and there, all combined to give a look of ease and elegance to the apartment.

Mrs. Troy reclined in an easy-chair at the open window.

She was a small woman, with a fretful face, a sharp nose, and thin lips, that were just now set in a determined line.

"Could you not spare me this one day, mamma?" pleaded Annis, turning her weary face toward her mother, for in spite of its youthfulness, it was a weary face, and the hazle eyes had a troubled looks in their dreamy depths.

"Annis," said her mother, in her usual fretful way, "you know I cannot.

"Do be reasonable, and don't ask me to do without you, this day of all others, for Mary is coming with that cross baby of hers, and between them, they will drive me crazy."

"That is just why I wanted to go to the picnic, mamma.

"You will have Mary to entertain you."

"Nicely entertained I would be, too," said her mother tartly.

"She has neither, eyes, ears, or anything else, for anybody but that baby.

"I don't see what she is coming here to pester me for!"

"Why, mamma," smiled Annis, "she is coming out of kindness.

"She thought I was going to the picnic, and you would need her."

"She is very considerate, I'm sure.

"Well, you are not going, and I want you to keep that child out of my way.

"I will not be set wild with its crying."

"It is such a lovely day!" was Annis Troy's only comment, as she faced the window again, her eyes fixed longingly on the radiant prospect without.

For June's golden glory was over all the land, the crimson and white roses.

Everything was so full of life that Annis longed, as she had never longed before, for just one day under the great forest trees, where the scent of woods would make the air rich with fragrance.

All the young people around Bridgeville were going to this picnic, and Annis was anxious to join them, for some one would be there, who could send the hot blood into her face, and Annis sighed deeply when she heard her mother's final words.

Now Mrs. Troy loved her children, and loved Annis best of all, but she imagined that no one could comfort or wait on her like Annis,

And then Annis was not like other girls, she was so patient and sweet-tempered, and so cheerful under all circumstances, that she did not seem to miss the enjoyments of youth.

As for Annis leaving her for good, she could not think of it, and she selfishly debarred Annis of privileges that would have made the young girl's life better, brighter, and happier.

"Annis," called her mother, in an impatient voice, "don't stand moping there, but go and see if my chocolate is ready."

Annis left the room hastily, for tears had gathered in her eyes, and she was ashamed of her weakness.

Mrs. Troy drew a fluffy white shawl around her shoulders, and laid her head against the cushioned back of her chair with a contented sigh.

"I knew Annis would give it up," she said to herself, with a careless little laugh.

"She knows I will be obeyed."

Annis came back presently with the chocolate.

"Now, Annis, draw those blinds down a little; the sunlight is too bright.

"And close this window beside me; I don't like too much fresh air."

Annis obeyed.

She looked very stylish in her morning dress of pale pink muslin, with snowy lace at her throat and wrists, and a cluster of pink buds in her dark hair.

For Annis, although not handsome, had a sweet face, that one loved to gaze at, for it always wore such a look of meekness and resignation.

At least Clyde Dawson, who had entered unannounced, thought the face of his old playmate was lovelier than ever, as he stood in the doorway, and surveyed the pleasant scene.

"Clyde—Mr. Dawson," cried Annis, with a bright smile and crimsoned face, as she held out her hand, "when did you come in?"

"Just this moment—pardon the intrusion.

"I took the liberty to run in a moment to see if I might drive you out to the grove," said Clyde Dawson, a handsome man of twenty-five, as he crossed the room to greet Mrs. Troy.

"Annis is not going," said that lady, her face wearing a most forbidding look.

"Not going?

"Why, the day is glorious," said Dawson, in a voice of surprise.

"It's not the day—it's me.

"Annis rarely leaves me now," was the fretful answer.

"Mamma needs all my care," said Annis, her long lashes dropping over the speaking eyes.

"But, Mrs. Troy, you are not ill?" said Dawson.

"Not ill: I am never well now," said Mrs. Troy, in her petulant tones.

"But Mary is coming, mamma," again pleaded Annis, whose young heart hungered for the ride.

"Mary is not you, and I won't do without you," snapped Mrs. Troy; and with an appealing look at Clyde, Annis motioned him out of the room.

"Mamma has never been well since papa died," she explained in her gentle way, "and she cannot bear the thought of me leaving her, even for a day."

"That is extremely selfish in her," was Clyde Dawson's blunt remark, as he gazed down into the young girl's downcast face.

"Do you take no recreation?"

"Oh, I go to church, go out shopping," laughed Annis, hiding her disappointment with a pleasant face.

"So you cannot go."

"Indeed I cannot.

"I am sorry, for I have seen so little of you since you came home.

"When do you go back to the West?" she asked.

"In six weeks.

"Annis, may I not call and see you occasionally?

"I long so to talk over old times?"

Clyde Dawson had taken Annis Troy's hand in his, and was gazing into her face with an intensity that brought the rich blood into her cheeks.

"I do not know, it worries mamma," she said, in a constrained voice, as she withdrew her hand.

"Mamma cannot expect to keep you always, Annis.

"Your sisters made nests of their own, why should not you?"

Annis shook her head and blushed.

"I will never leave mamma, Clyde," she said, her eyes meeting his in a wistful glance.

For Clyde Dawson had been the central figure in her youthful dreams, and his presence brought an undefinable pain to her heart.

She was relieved when he took his leave, but the face she carried back to her mother, wore a shade of sadness that did not escape the keen eyes.

"You may put all thoughts of Clyde Dawson out of your head, Annis," she sharply said, "for I won't have him or any other man after you."

Annis winced, but made no reply.

To her relief, Mary and the cross baby failed to make their appearance, and during the afternoon her mother drifted off into a quiet sleep.

Annis picked up her garden hat, and went off for a ramble, under the willows that grew in a thick hedge along the brookside.

The south windows of the house faced this willow copse, but the thick branches shielded Annis from view, as she threw herself on the green turf, and gave vent to her disappointment in tears and sobs.

Her face was buried in the cool grass, and Annis prayed that if her life was to go on like this, that God would mercifully end it; for she hungered so for the love and caresses that are the crowning joy of every loving woman's heart that life seemed unbearable.

"Annis, my little playmate."

It was Clyde Dawson's voice that startled her out of her sorrow, Clyde Dawson's strong hands that lifted her head, and his dear eyes that looked into hers.

"I thought you—were at the picnic," stammered Annis, struggling to her feet with flaming cheeks.

"I was there, but did not enjoy it," said Dawson, deliberately putting his arm around Annis and drawing her to his side.

"Annis, you know I love you.

"Will you be my wife?"

The question was so abrupt, that for a moment Annis held her breath in exquisite delight; the next, she laid her white face on his bosom, with a low, moaning cry.

"Clyde, do not ask me, mamma would never consent.

"Annis, do you love me?"

He put his hand under her chin, and turning her face up to his, read his answer in her eyes.

Then he kissed her lips with passionate fervor, and Annis clung to him, weeping silently.

"I wish you had not spoken, Clyde.

"It will be so much harder to give you up."

"You will not have to give me up, Annis.

"Your mother will surely consent.

"Her elder daughters married, why not you?"

"Because she has willed that I shall not.

"And mamma will be obeyed Clyde, she is as firm as a rock," whispered Annis, clinging to him.

"Oh, Clyde, it will be so hard to give you up."

And Clyde soothed her with loving words and kisses, that satisfied her starved heart.

Ah! if this blissful hour could lengthen out into years!

For Annis was capable of great depths of feeling, and just the woman to make a man's fire-side bright and happy.

"You will never have to give me up, Annis.

"I will wait years, rather than lose you."

"I am not so selfish as to ask you to do that.

"If you cannot have me now, you must not waste the best years of your life waiting for me.

"For mamma may live many years, and I could never go with you without her consent.

"Forget me, and take somebody else, Clyde."

"Never, Annis!

"I have loved you all my life.

"If you cannot consent to be my wife, no other woman ever will."

And Clyde Dawson, who was a man that did not love lightly, held the slight figure to him, and covered the gentle face with kisses.

His whole heart was centred in this love, which was the one love of his life, and to give Annis up, would be unspeakable pain.

"I will speak to your mother, Annis," he said.

"Oh, don't!" cried Annis, who in her unselfish devotion, ever shielded her mother from the slightest pain, "it will only worry her."

"I will speak to her. She will surely consent."

But Annis knew her mother better, and knew there was no hope.

For Clyde Dawson's suit was in vain.

Her mother would not consent to Annis leaving her.

"Then I will sell out in the West, and live here with you, if you will give me Annis," said Clyde Dawson, determined to gain his point.

"Indeed, you'll do no such thing," said Mrs. Troy.

"I want no son-in-law around me.

"Pretty care I would get, if Annis had a husband to coddle up.

"You can't have her, sir, and there is the last of it."

But Clyde Dawson carried his grievances to Mrs. Troy's married children.

He met with no sympathy, however, for secure in their own happiness, they did not wish to be troubled with a crotchety old woman.

As for Annis, they thought she ought to let well enough alone, and be content where she was.

So shocked and disgusted at the heartless selfishness that surrounded his love, Clyde went back to Annis, and gave her his farewell kisses, with an aching heart.

Kisses whose memory brought a pang of sweet content to Annis, as she lay on her bed dying, for they were the silent witnesses of a love that was hers alone.

"I will come back for you Annis, when you are free."

"God willing, Clyde, I shall be here waiting for you."

And so they parted.

Years drifted by, the days going by with dreary sameness.

If Annis had been of a different disposition, they might have been brighter.

But Annis Troy's sphere of usefulness was narrow, and she did not seek to widen it.

She tried to be patient, and think of others, whose life was one long sacrifice, and whose surroundings were less congenial than her own; but the canker worm of discontent had found a lodgment in her heart, and she went about her duties in a listless, apathetical way, that irritated her fretful mother.

"Annis," she said one day, "I don't know what will become of your brother John's family.

"They are all down with scarlet fever."

Annis looked at her mother in a troubled way, for John was her mother's favorite son.

"Alice is not strong, mamma, and four children are a heavy charge.

"I think I will go, mamma."

Her mother's face brightened.

"You are not afraid, Annis.

"Remember it is very contagious."

"I am not afraid, mamma."

For Annis was rather glad of the break in her dreary life.

Her twenty-five years had aged her wonderfully, and she began to think that nothing would bring back the buoyancy of her youth, for even Clyde Dawson's love seemed like a dream.

Annis went to nurse John's children, and before ten days came back, with the seeds of disease in her veins.

She lingered a little while and then died.

Her death was so peaceful, and she seemed to enter the great Beyond so willingly, that her family wondered why Annis was so tired of life.

She had everything the heart desired, they thought—yes, everything but the main thing.

"Annis was a good, dutiful girl, and never grieved me in her life," said Mrs. Troy, as she gathered her daughter Mary's children about her, and settled down to life without Annis.

It is wonderful but true: Annis was soon forgotten.

And Clyde Dawson, keeping the memory of his lost love green in his heart, said in bitterness of spirit—

"How much Annis sacrificed for those she loved, and how little it is thought of now."

My Governess.

BY FLORENCE MEURER.

SHE was an Irish girl, with the faintest and most delicious brogue in the world, and one of the loveliest faces you ever saw.

Her complexion was like milk and roses; her eyes were grey and magnificently large and dark, with an expression of shy laughing sweetness that was positively bewitching.

Her mouth was rather large, the lips beautifully curved, and as red as a ripe strawberry; and the teeth gleaming now and then from behind them were enough to drive one wild with envy.

As for her form, it was perfect—it needed no padding or lacing; the white throat curved away to the swelling bust, and the long white arms were dimpled and moulded exquisitely.

I used to look at her in perfect bewilderment sometimes, she was so beautiful, and so thoroughly unconscious of the fact.

And this girl was nursery governess to my children.

She had been well brought up in Scotland.

Her father was an old-fashioned Irish gentleman, well educated and generous; but, lacking the shrewdness to keep money, it ran through his hands like water through a sieve, and finally, when a malignant fever swept him away to the grave, his pretty motherless girl was left to provide for herself.

She came to England with a family, and, deciding to remain, I engaged her for my little ones, Bertie and Mamie, who became her loyal admirers forthwith.

And Margaretta proved herself a prize indeed.

I never felt in the least anxious when they were with her; and by degrees I came to love the girl almost as if she were a younger sister, she was so bright, and companionable.

She sang like a nightingale—queer old Scotch and Irish ballads—and I taught her to accompany herself upon my piano.

My husband used to laugh at my enthusiasm, though he admired Margaretta as much as I did.

All this was before brother Tracy came from abroad.

When at home Tracy spent half of his time with Fred and me, although he had bachelor apartments in town.

He was a handsome fellow, this brother of mine.

He had always been my idol.

I had grave doubts about any woman being good enough for him—he was brave and noble, and generous.

He had been a gallant soldier; he had traveled the world over, had faced death in a score of horrible forms, but had always

returned to me unscathed and smiling, and manly, and at thirty-five was still unmarried.

And what did Tracy do upon his return but fall head over ears in love with Margaretta!

Well, I was thunderstruck at first; then a very demon of pride and injustice entered my foolish heart.

Margaretta as nursery governess was very well.

Margaretta as my brother's wife was not to be thought of.

But what could I do?

Tracy was too old and too masterful to brook opposition, and I was sure that when he gave voice to the love and passion which glowed in his handsome eyes as they rested upon her, the girl must be more than mortal to resist him.

I finally made up my mind to talk with her and sound her feelings towards Tracy.

I was passing through the upper hall when I reached this decision, and Margaretta was descending the stairs.

Tracey had just entered the front door, and Margaretta, making a misstep, fell into his arms.

It seemed to me then in my unreasoning anger that this fall was a bit of artful contrivance on the part of Margaretta.

Tracy held her for one instant in his arms, and said, low and tenderly—

"Little darling!"

But as he bent to kiss the girl's red lips she tore herself from his embrace, and came running upstairs, flushed and breathless.

I heard the library door close after Tracy, and I drew Margaretta into my chamber.

I talked to her with a sort of hypocritical kindness, which I blush to remember; and I learned by skilful questioning that Tracy had endeavored to make his love known long before, but that Margaretta—who had been annoyed by the insulting attentions of her former employer's son—had taken alarm at Tracy's advances, and had avoided him in every way.

I did not whisper a word of my belief that Tracy would offer her honorable marriage.

I told her that all men would make love to a pretty girl, and my brother was only mortal, after all.

I suggested that it would perhaps be well for her to go away—that I would get her a good situation, and after Tracy returned to town—as he soon would—she might visit me and the children as often as she liked.

I thought the girl would faint away for a moment, she turned so white, and such a look of dumb anguish crept into her eyes; and almost involuntarily the words sprang to my lips—

"Margaretta, you love my brother!"

I could have bitten my tongue out the next moment; but Margaretta made me no answer, only looked at me with great shy eyes, as if she had committed the unpardonable sin, while the rich color mantled neck, and cheek, and brow.

At that instant Tracy's voice called me below, and Margaretta ran away to her room.

At teatime she was nowhere to be found.

The chambermaid brought a note which she had found on Margaretta's toilette-stand, addressed to me.

It read—

"DEAR MADAM,

"My heart is sore and sad, for to-day I shall leave the house which has been a pleasant home for me. Good-bye. Kiss Bertie and Mamie for me, and believe me always your loving, though sorrowful,

MARGARETTA."

I will confess that my conscience gave me one or two little smart twinges when I read that poor little farewell note, for I knew what Margaretta did not—that Tracy was fully determined to make her his wife.

Such a time as I had for five long weeks.

The children were absolutely unmanageable.

They clamored for "Retta," and rebelled at the rule of the new governess, and would not be comforted.

Tracy was quite beside himself.

He searched for Margaretta everywhere; he advertised for her, and finally he engaged the services of a private detective.

And I, who could have explained Margaretta's mysterious disappearance, resolutely kept silence until little Bertie came down with scarlet fever.

Then the poor little fellow begged so piteously to see his "darlin' Retta," that I began to think I might as well acknowledge myself vanquished.

Tracy and I were leaning over Bertie's couch trying to induce him to take his medicine.

His blue eyes were wild with delirium, and, with a sudden, fretful cry, he struck the spoon from Tracy's hand.

"No—no!

"Me shan't take nussing till Retta comes!"

Then Tracy, strong man that he was, dropped his face despairingly into his hands, with a little cry of pain—

"My Margaretta!"

I gave up the battle then and there.

"Bertie, mamma will bring Retta.

"Take your medicine like a good boy and Retta shall come to-night."

Evidently Tracy thought this a mere subterfuge on my part to prevail upon Bertie to swallow his medicine, for he arose and walked listlessly from the room, with an expression of misery so unlike his ordinary bright, masterful look, that I felt absolutely ashamed of myself for my duplicity.

I followed him directly, and made a full confession.

I thought for a minute or two that his great hazle eyes would scorch me, they were so full of fiery anger; but gradually, as he became calmer, I added the information that I knew where to find Margaretta; that I had hunted her up, and had been in communication with her ever since she had left my house.

Then Tracy nearly crushed the life out of me.

He wanted to go after the girl, but I wouldn't let him.

I sent a note to where Margaretta was working, and all that day Tracy haunted the station.

And after all Margaretta came down on the train-car, and so Tracy missed her.

There had been no mention of Tracy's name, so when he entered the sitting-room where Margaretta was removing her hat, and sprang forward with outstretched arms, she paled in sudden fright, and shrunk away from him, sinking into a low chair and trembling violently.

"Sweetheart—dearest!" he cried, "do not shrink from me!

"I have searched for you faithfully.

"Give me a chance to win you for my wife.

"Speak to me, Margaretta!"

Trembling, flushing, paling at his touch, she looked appealingly at me, and then I told my story and begged Margaretta's forgiveness.

I shall never forget the radiant, blissful, solemn joy which swept into the girl's face then.

She seemed actually transfigured, as she flashed one little speechless look at Tracy from under her long lashes.

Tracy's arms drew her close then, and I ran away to prepare Bertie for the joyful surprise.

Tracy and Margaretta was married three months later, and Mrs. Tracy Trevor, with her marvellous beauty, her faint brogue, and exquisite tact and taste, is a leader in society, courted and admired, and I am very proud of my brother's wife.

His Rachel.

BY ERNEST L. SMITH.

GOING away! Ah, thank Heaven, going away!"

It was a joyous cry of ineffable gladness and relief, and Cleo Lynn, talking half to her bounding heart, and half to the damp painting before her, to which she had just given the finishing touch, clasped her tired brown hands at the back of her head, her eyes seeking the pale white-flecked strip of sky above—eyes misty with unshed tears.

It was a curious place for a studio—the tumble-down disused barn-loft back of Mrs. Black's ugly farmhouse, supposed to be habited only by mice and spiders, while, instead, "the girl" spent every stolen moment there at her easel, revelling in her own creations, so precious because so dearly won, and so entirely her own, starting at every sound, communing with her heart and the little mice that came out of their holes to watch her curiously.

She dressed badly, shabbily; none knew it better than she, who hated and loathed the rugged untidy calicoes, and coarse shoes; but on this particular morning she laughed at herself and her dress triumphantly, until the pretty straggling curls all about her wide white brow bobbed comically.

"No more hard drudgery.

"No more harsh words and bitter hurlings of poverty and dependence against my teeth, under which my spirit chafes.

"Better to beg in the streets of the great city I read of, than longer endure this life—than eat of the bread so grudgingly given.

"Going away! Oh, thank Heaven, going away!"

"Cleo, what are you saying?"

The girl sprang to her feet as if to shield her picture from unkind curious gaze, standing like a lioness at bay, her eyes flashing angrily upon the speaker through their tears.

Swinging himself up through the small opening into the loft, William Black advanced toward the girl, a startled look on his face, that; though clear cut, even patrician in features, under the large slouch hat, portrayed no emotion—was cold, stern, and indifferent usually.

He was Mrs. Black's brother—a man who roamed about always, but was seen very rarely at his own house.

"You are going away, Cleo, little Cleo?

"Why, I shall miss you when I come home."

He looked at the girl wistfully, lifting his hat from the long thick hair on his brow, white and strangely in contrast with his bronzed cheeks.

All the pent-up bitterness of the miserable life passed beneath his roof broke forth hotly.

"Yes, William Black, going away from a life of heartache and misery.

"Oh no, you never thought, you never cared all these years for the child left you by dying parents.

"I have been tempted to curse my own dead father for consigning me to your care.

"Why do they not hang, shoot, the orphans when parents die?

"It would be a mercy.

"God in His mercy grant when I leave you here, that I may never look on the face of a Black again!"

With one hand on her heart as if she would still its mad suffocating throbs, she stood in an attitude of pale scorn and defiance.

William Black had recoiled as if shaken by a mighty wind before this passionate anathema, and now stood watching her in silent wonder and pained amazement.

"Why, Cleo, little Cleo, I never thought but you were happy.

"I——"

"Stop!

"Make me no excuses; you come with them too late.

"All I ask of you is to leave me—to keep out of my sight, to which a Black is hateful.

"I hear your sister calling me to carry the farm hands' dinner—for the last time, thank Heaven!

"To-morrow I go for ever!"

"Stop!"

Stepping hastily forward to bar her egress, William Black laid his hand heavily on her shoulders, and the passion that leapt up into the chill face startled the girl into obedience.

"You shall not go, for, Cleo, little one—I love you better than my hope of Heaven!

"I did not dream of it until now—until I was about to lose you.

"Wait: I am not poor, and I will take you away now, to-morrow, to the great cities you long for.

"Forgive my neglect all these years—be merciful, little Cleo."

He had thrown his arm around her and drawn her close to his side, looking down with hungry eyes into the pale face; but, wrenching herself free, Cleo replied mockingly—

"What! marry you, Will Black?

"I am not a dog to lick the hand that has struck me.

"Marry you, and continue to be a slave—a pensioner on your bounty?

"Never!"

Defiance rang through the girlish voice, and without a word or sign William Black, pale as death, turned away and descended to the stables, and in a few moments the rocky road around the cliff resounded with the pounding of his horse's hoof-beats.

Cleo Lynn knelt before her picture offering up a fervent prayer to Heaven to sanctify it; then stood a minute bidding the dear old loft, where she had spent the few happy moments of her life, good-bye, and ran across the back garden bareheaded, an unwonted brilliancy in her eyes, a flush on her piquant elfish face, into the great, clear odorous kitchen where Mrs. Black awaited her, angrily, impatiently.

"Take these pails and be off with you, you lazy, careless——"

"Madam!"

It was not the tone nor the word that made Mrs. Black jump with a slight shriek, but the flash in the eyes that was almost murderous, and so out through the glaring scorching noon sunshine Cleo Lynn went—for the last time.

* * * * * *

"I am so tired of this struggle for fame and a crust of bread.

"I thought long ere this to wear a crown of laurel, but, instead, it is one of thorns and cypress."

It was a poor room.

Every one has seen such rooms in squalid houses, without warmth, cheer, comfort, though it was bitter weather.

A woman's form with arms outflung, the gesture of despair, the same figure last seen flitting across the hot dry fields back of Mrs. Black's farmhouse, though thinner, more poorly clad.

Lifting her face at length toward the grey streak of twilight at her one window, the once round cheeks were thin, the hair dishevelled, and the eyes strained and unnatural in expression.

"Destitute, friendless, almost blind."

Slipping her hand into her dress she drew out a vial of darkish fluid, holding it up between the light and dim, dim, vision.

There came a sound of steps up the rickety stair, then a rap, firm, quick, at her door.

"Come!"

The door swung wide, and a man, tall, muffled in a great coat, entered, and half crossed the bare floor.

Rising, the girl leaned her clasped hands on her chair waiting.

"Miss Lee?"

She bowed her head, the white hands suddenly clutching the chair-back, icy cold.

"I saw one of your paintings at the Academy and wish to purchase it, the one called the "Cow Boy."

"What are your terms?"

The girl's voice as she made answer was so hoarse and unnatural that she scarcely knew it herself.

"What you are willing to give," leaning forward a little in the dim light, with numb chill fingers interlaced, while the tall haughty figure seemed dancing wildly, undignifiedly.

"Three hundred dollars for the "Cow Boy," or say six hundred dollars for the two—"My Studio," as a surprise for my wife."

The room, the bed, the chair, everything swam wildly before her eyes.

"Sir you are liberal," was all she could murmur.

Counting out the roll of notes the man handed them to her.

Then bowing and saying, as he gave her a street number—

"Order them to be sent around to my house," he withdrew, and, as the door closed behind him, Cleo Lynn fell forward prone on the floor with the bank notes clutched desperately in one hand and a shattered vial of dark fluid in the other one.

"Oh, Will, Will, and I loved you so, yet was too proud, too hateful to confess it even to myself.

"Oh, what madness has goaded me on to my well-earned misery?"

* * * * * *

It was a tastily-dressed figure in a grey cloak and hat that stepped out of the rambling old stage in the village of Grayson, passing swiftly toward the dark ugly Black farmhouse.

The hall door was open that led into the cool tidy parlor so well remembered, and entering, the stranger beheld a man's figure bowed before a table, his head in his folded arms, while directly above him hung a pretty rustic painting, her work, under which stood a glass of fresh-cut flowers.

Passing softly up, the girl laid her hand on the bowed head tenderly, timidly, on hair streaked with grey.

"Will!"

The bowed head was lifted eagerly, the bleak electric eyes seeming to lighten as they rested on the fair face before him.

"Little Cleo!

"You—back here again?" and he trembled as he spoke.

"I have come back to the old home to see you all once more.

"I have won fame, and shall win wealth, for the money you gave me, in the hour of my deepest despair, lifted me into prosperity.

"I owe it all to you."

"I do not understand," he replied dreamily.

"I only know you are back again when I never thought to see you here more."

Cleo looked wistfully around as if to see expectant faces, as she asked—

"And your sister?"

"She is dead, and I am all alone, Cleo.

"Seven years, Cleo—and—and Rachel has come."

"Where is your—your wife, Will?"

He stared at her even more wonderingly.

"My wife?

"Have you forgotten—forgiven the past, Cleo, and do you come back to stay?"

Without heeding the pleading handsome face, that outstretched arms, Cleo Lynn pointed towards the painting.

"You—you bought that from a poor artist——"

He interrupted her, wonderingly.

"My brother, whom you never knew—an older brother—bought it while on a visit to London, and, because it reminded me of you, I begged him to give it me."

Throwing back, with a quick passionate movement, the grey traveling cloak, Cleo Lynn dropped on her knees at William Black's feet.

"I am unworthy.

"It was a bitter, bitter lesson that learned me the value of a love that would have shielded me all these years.

"If you can forgive, if I may come back to the old home nest, will you take your Rachel, for whom you have served seven years?"

That was the way Cleo Lynn went back to the home nest and sheltering care of the man she had cursed seven years before, and learned in the restful home life of the years as they sped, how infinitely above all fame, all wealth, was the consciousness of satisfied love.

HINT TO LANDLORDS.—Orpheus with his lute made trees and other objects dance at his pleasure, and a similar method of overcoming material difficulties seems to prevail in lodging houses in Queenstown. The difficulty of being in two places at once, like a bird, has been remarked on. Some other thinkers of the same race have been no less struck with the inability of two bodies to occupy the same space at the same moment. At Queenstown, whence emigrants start, the place which many bodies desire to occupy at the same given moment is a bed in a lodging-house. The difficulty has been overcome with singular ingenuity. In a report on overcrowding of emigrants, published by the Board of Trade, the method of creating a vacuum in bed is explained. As soon as the rooms in a lodging-house are full, and in that hour when sleep is sweetest to men, a fiddler is introduced. The lads (and we presume, lassies) at once wake up and gallantly "take the flure," while a new set of emigrants jump into the vacated beds and sleep till the revellers are danced down. Then the new tenants of the bed are evicted and they "take the flure" in their turn; the company thus alternately sleeping and dancing. This plan necessarily causes overcrowding, would probably prevent the nervous from sleeping, and has other patent inconveniences. But there is something festal about the method, after all.

A BIG MISTAKE.—A western man named Jones has a cow addicted to the uncomfortable habit of switching her tail in his face while milking her. The other day Jones took the tail and tied it firmly to his leg. The cow, irritated by the flies she could not drive away, started off and reeling the curious attachment to her tail became frightened and ran. Jones is now walking about on crutches and remarking: "About the tenth time I had been hauled around that lot I began to see where I missed it. I oughter tied her tail to her leg and not to mine."

Consumption.

No longer in the list of "incurable diseases." Send to Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, No. 1109 Girard Street, Philadelphia, for their Treatise on Compound Oxygen, and learn all about the wonderful cures which are being made in this dread disease.

AMONG THE ESKIMO.

A MOTHER'S love for her children is characteristic even of the lower animals though with the latter it appears to cease with the maturity of the offspring. Among the Eskimo, however, in times of scarcity, if a child be born for whom food can hardly be provided, it is exposed to die of cold, with its mouth stuffed with a bunch of grass, to prevent it from crying.

This is considered, not only as justifiable but as the only course consistent with common sense.

The child must not cry, or its voice will be heard about the house afterwards. One of these children picked up and adopted by some one who can care for it, owes lifelong service to the foster-parent.

It has no property of its own except certain special articles; it must work for its foster-parent, and brings to him any wage received for labor.

It cannot marry without his consent, and for its life long, is in one sense a slave.

Yet the children reared by their mother are treated with devoted tenderness and care.

They are never punished. They receive the last food when others are starving. Their dress glistens with beads and fringes, while the parents can barely cover themselves from the cold.

The boy is eager to become proficient in manly exercise.

He is not considered marriageable until he has killed a deer.

All play together until ten or twelve years of age: then boys and maidens separate in their sports, except in the village dance-house, and even there, seldom take part in the dances of mature age.

The daily round of the Eskimo housewife is early winter is interesting.

Just at the hours, when the first faint glimmer of the night has permanent cover of the sun ceases to hasten the approach of dawn, she removes the cover, and searches the hearth, where carefully covered embers she did not let go out: and if they are not extinguished, gathers them together, places some light dry sticks upon them, and going outside, arouses the sleepers by pitching down a quantity of fuel through the aperture in the roof.

Before coming in, she arranges some bits of wood on boards, to aid the draught through the smoke-hole, and brings from some adjacent running spring a kettle of water for drinking and cooking purposes. Returning, the beds and mats are rolled up against the wall; and the inmates perform their very simple toilets, which consist chiefly in putting on their clothing, all of which, except a pair of deerskin socks, is usually removed at night.

A few touches to the fire, a dry wash with a bit of cotton rag and over the face, or at the most with a fine snow in lieu of water, after which, bunches of dry grass are arranged in the boots to fit the feet, the boots are put on and tied, and they are ready for the day's work.

Meanwhile, the housewife has prepared the materials for a meal of boiled deer, or seal-flesh, or of boiled fish with oil.

The morning meal, always hurried, is seldom delayed to roast meat or fish on sticks, as at the evening meal.

The house-fellows make short work of their breakfast, and immediately disperse, to visit their traps or pursue the vocations of the day.

The remnants of the meal fall to the share of the dogs; the wooden dishes are quickly cleaned, and the mistress of the house sits at her busy work. At this season, this usually consists in preparing deer-skins for boots or clothing, or cutting and sewing the skins into garments. From time to time during the day, a morsel of deer-fat, a bit of dry salmon or some other fragment of food, is incidentally discussed, but without any regularity. Since most of the women are similarly engaged in the morning, there are usually few visitors till the middle of the day is passed, unless some girl, bringing her work with her, comes in to sew in company with others, if her own house be empty of female associates. Chit-chat, scandal, and small-talk, make up the bulk of the conversation, broken only by directions in regard to work from the more experienced to the younger members of the family.

As the day draws into afternoon, some stranger from another village may present himself, when with few words he is directed to a sitting-place; one of the women removes his wet boots, and places the straw pads they contain, in the smoke to dry; and something in the way of refreshment is at once offered to him.

Silence reigns for a time: when slowly, bit by bit, and at long intervals, the stranger tells the story of his journey, the latest news in his own village, and any messages he may bring to the household.

As night comes on, the sewing is laid aside, the smouldering fire is heaped, the throw out a generous blaze and one of the household goes to the roof to look for the returning hunters or trappers with their spoils. For animals are the property of the trapper; but he has only one privilege right to the skin, snow, fat, tongue, head and belly pieces of the deer. The remainder is distributed to any who may need it, or reserved as the common property of the community, if there are no other applicants. The wife receives her husband at supper, removes his belt and gunnese, puts his boots to dry, offers him a bit of meat and fish, and when he has taken his accustomed place, calls his attention to the stranger, while she prepares the evening meal, which is the event of the day.

JOHN MCCOY.

New Publications.

It is almost unnecessary to commend the works of Dickens, highly, as they conclusively speak for themselves. The last one of them we read is generally the best until we pick up another. This is just the case as we glance over the elegantly printed new edition of "Dombey & Son," just published by Peterson Bros., this city. We will not say that it is the very finest work and most interesting, but we know of none that can surpass it in excellence. It is printed on fine paper in clear large type, and contains 38 splendid illustrations. To those who have no edition of Dickens we commend that of which this book is a sample. Price 75 cents.

"Faustine" is a new novel by Rita, the author of [illegible] Daphne, etc., and is equally good with these works, which is the highest praise we can bestow upon it. [illegible] of pathos is so [illegible] and [illegible] of language, this writer excels. Both for the interest of the story and the excellence of the point it touches, we can commend it. Lippincott & Co., Phila. Publishers. Price $1.00.

"My Girls," by Lida A. Churchill. V. P. Series. D. Lothrop & C. Price $1. This bright and well-written story well deserves the place it occupies in the series, and will be read with genuine pleasure by all lovers of the better class of fiction. The four girls who are equally its heroines are four lady telegraph operators in a large railroad office. At the time the story opens they are discharged from their positions on account of changes made in the management of the road, and are discussing plans for the future. The result of their talk is a decision to go to New York together. The history of their experiences, their disappointments, trials, and triumphs, is fascinatingly told, and the reader who once takes up the volume will hardly lay it by until it is finished.

"A Princess of [illegible] [illegible] and elegantly [illegible] work [illegible] and published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. It is written by Mrs. [illegible] May of Lancaster, author of "The Pride of May [illegible] forest," which latter work, having met with great success, gives assurance of a pleasure-giving and meritorious book in "Princess of Breffny." T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., Publisher. Price 75 cents.

Recent sales of both *The Century Magazine* and *St. Nicholas* have been unusually large. A new edition of the September *Century* is on the press, and the publishers have just ordered a second printing of the October number. The New York *Evening Post*, in referring to the increased circulation of that magazine in this country and England, calls it "now perhaps the most judiciously edited magazine in the world."

MAKING STEEL PENS.—The steel used comes to the factory in sheets about two feet long by one foot three inches wide, and four inches thick. They are cut into bands of different widths, according to the dimensions of the pen required, the most usual widths being two, two and a half, and three inches. The bands are then heated in an iron box, and annealed, when they are passed on to the rolls and reduced to the required thickness of the finished pen, thus being transformed into ribbons of great delicacy, about four feet long. The blanks are then stamped out from the ribbons by a punching machine, the tools of which has the form of the pen required. The blanks leave the die at the lower part of the machine, and fall into a drawer, with the points already formed. They are then punched with the small hole, which terminates the slit, and prevents it from extending, and afterward raised to a cherry-red heat in the sheet-iron boxes. The blanks are then curved between two dies, the concave one fixed, and the convex brought down upon it by mechanism. The pens, now finished as regards their form, are hardened by being plunged hot into oil, when they are as brittle as glass. After cleansing, by being placed into a revolving barrel with sawdust, they are tempered in a hollow cylinder of sheet-iron, which revolves over a coke fire after the manner of a coffee-roaster. The cylinder is open at one end, and while it is being turned, and while it is being turned, a workman throws in twenty-five gross of pens at a time, and watches carefully the color of the heated pens. When they assume a pale blue tint, he passes the pens into a large metal basin, separates them from the charcoal, and [illegible]. A certain process, which requires great skill and experience, comes the polishing, which is effected in receptacles containing a mixture of fine sand and hydrochloric acid, and made to revolve. This operation lasts twenty-four hours, and gives the pen a steel-gray tint. The end of the pen between the hole and the point, is then ground with an emery wheel revolving very rapidly. There only now remains to split the pens, which is the most important operation, being performed by a kind of shears. The lower blade is fixed, and the upper one comes down with a rapid motion, slightly below the edge of the fixed blade. To give perfect smoothness to the slit, and at the same time make the pens bright, they are subjected to the operation of burnishing by being placed in a revolving barrel almost entirely filled with boxwood sawdust.

Two prospectors, while sinking on a new discovery about forty miles southwest of Butte, M. T., broke through into a subterranean chamber filled with skeletons.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Clinton, Ia., August 20, '82.

[illegible] Post: Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," and [illegible] Wednesday, and I am [illegible]

Portland, Or., August 20, '82.

[illegible] Post: Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," received [illegible] and I consider it [illegible] I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

S. W. C.

Stratford, Ont., August 21, '82.

[illegible] Post: I received the beautiful premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," [illegible] and am more than pleased with it. [illegible]

W. H. H.

Montreal, P. Q., August 14, '82.

[illegible] Post: Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," [illegible] and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

E. K. B.

Ogdensburg, N. Y., August 22, '82.

[illegible] Post:—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," [illegible] and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in calling it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

H. R. C.

Chehalis, Wash. Ter., August 13, '82.

Editor Post:—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," [illegible] and am much pleased with it. [illegible]

A. M.

Paris, Tex., August 12, '82.

Editor Post:—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," received [illegible] and I consider it beautiful. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

C. A. F.

Chattanooga, August 17, '82.

Editor Post:—I received your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," [illegible] and am very much pleased with it. [illegible] of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and [illegible] Am [illegible]

W. L. H.

Vermilion, Minn., August 12, '82.

Editor Post:—Received the beautiful premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

F. E. B.

Jamestown, Ind., August 18, '82.

Editor Post:—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

L. F. D.

Peconic, La., August 18, '82.

Editor Post:—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

O. O. P.

Independence, Ind., August 14, '82.

Editor Post:—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," [illegible] came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

J. W. H.

Makand, Pa., August 17, '82.

Editor Post:—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

L. I.

York, Pa., August 14, '82.

Editor Post:—I received the beautiful premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," [illegible] to me yesterday, and was much pleased with it. We [illegible] In our gallery for the [illegible]

J. W. S.

Leesburgh, Kans., August 12, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:—Paper and premium received. The Post is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

G. G.

Columbiaville, Mich. August 12, '82.

Editor Post:—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," [illegible] and I am glad to please [illegible]

J. A. M.

Belvidere, Pa., August 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

W. P. S.

Mount Pleasant, August 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

G. L.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

[illegible]

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF [illegible]

[illegible] Back or Limbs, are instantly relieved [illegible]

MALARIA

IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,

FEVER AND ACUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, and other Fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

[illegible] ments, which taken according to directions, will [illegible] Summer Complaints, [illegible] West in the Bowels, and prevent all sickness or pains from change of climate, better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

[illegible] Fifty Cents per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

WHETHER SEATED IN THE

Lungs, Stomach, Skin, Bones, Flesh or Nerves,

CORRUPTING THE BLOOD AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

[illegible] ly does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent exert all [illegible] elements in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, [illegible] and Skin Diseases, but it is the only

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

[illegible] like the white [illegible] there is a [illegible] its, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back [illegible] than any other preparation. Taken in [illegible] small doses, while others require five or six [illegible] much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet [illegible] gentle, pure [illegible] them for [illegible] Stomach, Sinking or Flutterings at the [illegible] Blood, Skin, Nervous [illegible] the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nerves, Sinking or Flutterings at the [illegible] Blood, Skin, Nervous [illegible] RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from [illegible]

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

[illegible] RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.

[illegible] Post-office.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the [illegible] Dr. RADWAY'S old established [illegible] than the base and worthless [illegible] there are False Resolvents [illegible] sure and ask for Radway's [illegible]

GUNS

[illegible] Breech Loaders, Rifles, Revolvers.

OUR $15 SHOT GUN

[illegible] $38. [illegible]

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING

I receive and [illegible] from $3 to $500. Over [illegible] Cards, type and [illegible]

H. HOOVER, Phila., Pa.

LADY'S [illegible] ARE THE BEST.

DAVIS AND [illegible] Phila., Pa.

40 Large Chromo [illegible] 10c. Postpaid. [illegible] & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

Our Young Folks

TIM'S TEMPTATION.

BY I. D. K.

It was getting on towards dusk, and Tim Drake, with his blacking-box swung over his shoulder, stood on the corner of Courtland Street and Broadway, eagerly watching the passers-by, and shouting almost continually, "Shine, sir—shine?" while at the same time he pointed down at the shoes of those gentlemen that Tim thought needed that attention.

Mr. Robert Montague, banker, of No.— Wall Street was on his way to the elevated station at Courtland Street, to be carried to his elegant residence in one of the fashionable streets up town, when upon reaching the corner he met Tim, who instantly rushed forward, and, pointing down to Mr. Montague's rather muddy cloth top shoes, again shouted the repeated cry, "Shine, sir? Have a shine?"

The banker paused before the boy, glancing down at his own feet, and then at the bright eyes and dirty face of the bootblack, who had already sunk upon his knees and was prepared for work.

"Well," he said finally, "you can shine them if you'll hurry about it."

Tim did not wait for a second invitation, but, turning up the bottom of his customer's pants so as not to soil them with his blacking, he went straight to his task.

It was not long before the job was finished, and, jumping up from the ground, Tim stood waiting for his pay.

Mr. Montague put his hand into his trousers pocket, and drew out a handful of coins. Selecting three he dropped them into the outstretched palm of the bootblack, saying as he did so:

"A three and two pennies; that's right, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir; that's correct," replied Tim, as his late customer hurried away.

"I think I'll buy little Jack an orange with that five," said Tim to himself as he walked over to a stand on the opposite side of the way; for Tim had a little cripple brother, Jack, the only relation he knew of in the world, and often, after a hard day's work, when he made his way up town to the small room of the tenement which he called home, he carried some small delicacy to this little boy, though he sometimes had to scrimp himself to do it.

While Tim was away down town, little Jack employed himself with a box of cheap paints that Tim had procured for him to make the weary hours pass more quickly.

Tim selected the orange that he thought looked most juicy and inviting, then taking the three coins from his mouth, where he had deposited them, glanced at them as one might look at a very casual acquaintance before let them go.

In the glare of the oil lamp that lit up the stand he saw that one of the coins he had taken for a cent was not a cent at all.

"It's hooky!" he exclaimed, opening his mouth wide in astonishment. "If that 'ere gent [illegible] made a mistake, once the money's [illegible] he'll [illegible] and [illegible] a half gold piece."

A thousand different thoughts flashed through the bootblack's mind as to what he should do with the money.

What a lot of things it would buy him! He could get little Jack a bigger box of paints and even a drawing book, too.

But then a small voice within him whispered:

"It doesn't belong to you, and you have no right to it."

Then still another voice said: "Yes, you have, too, for how do you know where the gentleman who gave it to you lives?"

It was a puzzling question, and Tim concluded, after a minute's thought, that whatever he would do by and by he would not spend it just now.

So putting the gold piece into an inner pocket, and taking a nickel from among his earnings of that day, he paid for the orange and walked briskly up town.

* * * * * *

A week passed, and Tim still had the gold piece.

He had hung around the corner of Courtland Street every afternoon, half hoping and half fearing that he might see his customer, but the gentleman had not yet appeared.

[illegible] Tim had expected [illegible]

It was a fine day; people did not seem to want their boots blacked, and Tim had shouted himself hoarse to no purpose.

It was cold and windy that night, and when Tim figured up his day's profits, he found that he had made scarcely more than half of the previous day's earnings.

Putting his hand into that inner pocket, he drew out the gold piece and gazed at it ruminously.

"I can't stand it any longer," he muttered, "I must spend it. Little Jack's paint-box is all worn out, and I'd reckoned on buying him a new one [illegible]."

"It would be such a surprise to him, poor little chap!

"I'll get it uptown, though," he added. "[illegible] there.

So, restoring the gold piece to his pocket, and tightening up his coat, he walked on.

Before long he had reached the same corner where he had blacked the gentleman's boots.

Looking down toward the elevated station he stopped in his tracks.

"It's awful to walk [illegible] way up home to-night," he said, "and I've half a mind to go up on the train.

"If I'm going to spend the gold piece I can afford it for once."

Turning down the street he was soon at the station, and just in time to catch an up-going train.

The cars were very crowded, and Tim had to stand up by the door.

Looking forward, whom should he see, also standing, but the gentleman who had given him the gold piece.

Fate started.

Here was a chance to return the money. Should he give it back to the gentleman, or should he get out of the train at the next station and keep it?

If he kept it he could get little Jack the paint-box, and have quite a balance over.

He could almost see the glad face of his little brother as he would hand him the box.

Then, on the other hand, if he returned it, ten to one he would receive small thanks [illegible]; and what with the ultra prices of the [illegible] would have hardly enough money to buy little Jack's and his own frugal supper.

The train just now ran into a station, the guteman shouted the name of the street, and the cars came to a standstill.

Tim's mind was made up; he was just about to leave the car when, turning to cast a glance at the banker, he noticed for the first time a familiar figure standing near that gentleman.

"Sammy!" he muttered under his breath, "if there ain't 'Sly Sam.'

"A young pickpocket like him, whose been to Blackwell's Island as often as he has, don't mean no good in a crowd like this.

"He will bear watching, he will."

"Sly sam," as he was called, moved closer to the gentleman, who was reading an evening paper.

Tim, between the desire to get away with the money and the desire to prevent a robbery, did not know what to do.

While he lingered the train went on again.

As it turned the curve into Murray Street, Tim saw the thief's hand slide into the banker's vest pocket.

"He's going to do it," said Tim to himself in great excitement, "and I'd be doing it too, if I went off with the money.

"There'd be two of us then.

"I'll spoil his game, though," and springing forward, he caught the banker's sleeve with one hand and the thief with the other.

"Say, mister," he shouted, "this here feller is a trying to hook your watch."

Tim's words created a good deal of confusion, and people felt instinctively in their watch pockets.

Some of the passengers seized "Sly Sam," while he himself, frightened and very pale, tried ineffectually to prove his innocence by throwing the guilt upon Tim.

At the next station the pickpocket was taken in charge by a policeman, and subsequently was given the opportunity to board, at the public's expense, at that favorite resort of characters of his type, Blackwell's Island.

When the confusion was over, and the banker saw that his watch was safe and uninjured, he turned to find the boy who had saved it.

He had not far to look, for Tim was already by his side, and, before Mr. Montague had time to speak, the bootblack cried out:

"I say, mister, you're the gent whose boots I blacked the other night; and you gave me a two dollar'n a half gold piece instead of a cent.

"Here it is," and Tim handed it over.

Mr. Montague was silent for some seconds, while he mechanically took the coin.

"Well, my boy," he said at length, kindly, "you've done me a service to-night, and I won't forget it.

"Suppose you call at my office, No.— Wall Street, to-morrow?

[illegible]

"Ask for Mr. Montague."

Tim said that he would, and touching his hat left the banker to his paper.

It was not long before the train reached the Bleeker street station where he had to get out.

Brushing his way through the crowd he hurried from the car and down the steps with a lighter purse than before, but with a lighter heart because he had overcome his temptation.

Tim called on the morrow at Mr. Montague's, and was given a place in the banker's office, where by hard work he will no doubt rise until some day he may himself mistake gold pieces for pennies.

THE unfortunate animals imported to England from America, says the *St. James' Gazette*, still continue to suffer untold misery during their passage across the Atlantic. From the United States [illegible] in 1881 to various English ports [illegible] cattle, [illegible] sheep, and 1,773 swine, of which [illegible] sheep, and 10 swine were [illegible] beef, and 110 cattle, 99 sheep, and 13 swine were so much injured that it was necessary to slaughter them immediately [illegible] 238 cattle, [illegible] and 221 swine were thrown overboard during the voyage.

*** "By asking too much we may lose the little that we had before." Kidney-Wort asks nothing but a fair trial. This given, it fears no loss of faith in its virtues. A lady writes from Oregon: "For thirty years I have been afflicted with kidney complaints. Two packages of Kidney-Wort have done me more good than all the medicine and doctors I have had before. I believe it is a sure cure."

THE ROYAL STUDENT.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

IN the last century the University of Heidelburg differed but little from that of the present day, save in point of numbers; the same mixture of ranks and classes and the same swaggering, half-military looking personages, pipe in mouth, were then, as now, to be seen at all times parading the principal streets.

The student at a German university is a strange being, an odd compound of duelling, smoking, billiard-playing, love-making, and study; but still there are some whose object is study alone, who lead a quiet, regular life, and pass through their terms unnoticed, save by their immediate class-fellows; and just such an one was Karl Leibetz.

He lodged at the house of a widow lady, who had hitherto declined receiving any of the students, her reasons being two-fold; first, she had wherewithal to make her yearly expenses meet without much straining—and secondly, her care and solicitude for the welfare of the pretty Adeline, her only daughter, clearly pointed out to her that a gay and rattling student would ill accord with her arrangements.

Her scruples were, however, removed by a note from Mr. Reisthaus, the principal banker, requesting to know whether she would have any objection to receive as inmate a young man whose connections were of the highest respectability, and for whom he would enter into any guarantee she might desire.

The recommendation of the worthy banker was not to be [illegible] and Madame [illegible] was immediately sent, and in due course Mr. Karl Leibetz arrived.

In a short time Madame Hartman began to find that Mr. Karl was a remarkably pleasant young man; he was so quiet, that she could scarcely believe she had received any addition in her household; there was no smoking from morn till night, no bottles of beer strewed about the rooms in all directions, and no carousing all night with his fellow-students; in fact, she began to consider him more as a friendly guest than a lodger.

On his first arrival, the pretty Adeline, whose expectations and curiosity had been excited in the highest degree, had expressed herself rather disappointed; there was a chilling hauteur about him which she could not at all understand; but in a short time this wore away, and Adeline began partly to coincide with her mother's opinion, in thinking him very agreeable, and partly to [illegible] rather further than Madame Hartman had done, in finding him a very handsome [illegible].

I believe it to be a general rule with all narrators of "Historiettes," never to allow a young couple to become domiciled under the same roof without engendering the tender passion, and I mean shortly, in a work of fiction, boldly to strike out a new reading for myself; but at the present time, as I have to do with stubborn facts, I must be content to jog on in the old-fashioned way, and admit that there was some truth in the surmises of an attachment existing between Mr Karl and the pretty Adeline; and perhaps it was not so wonderful that such should be the case—all things considered—for Adeline was, in honest truth, a remarkably pretty girl, with a somethings so piquante and lively about her, that you were lured away by her fascinations, ere you had time altogether to make up your mind that you were doing anything more than considering her as a very agreeable sort of a person.

As for Mr. Karl, I can't, as an honest historian, quite agree with Adeline, in saying he was very handsome.

He was quiet in his manners, elegant in his appearance, and particularly attentive as to the make and arrangement of his dress.

It was not until some time had elapsed that Mr. Karl, finding himself extremely annoyed by the attentions of a provokingly handsome youth toward Mam'selle Adeline, began to question himself as to why he felt so much irritated; and then it occurred to him in the strongest manner possible, suddenly as it were, without any mental train of reasoning, that he was in love.

If Karl, or even the pretty Adeline, had been slow in discovering the growth of their affections, Madame Hartman had been somewhat quicker; she had had experience in these matters, and could understand the various little incidents, which, unheeded by the parties themselves, speak volumes to a careful and interested observer; and, as a wise and prudent mother ought to do, she deemed it right, before matters went too far, to know something more about Mr. Karl Leibetz, it was true Mr. Reisthaus had stated his family to be of the highest respectability, and that he was instructed to honor his drafts to any amount—all that might be very well, as far as their original position was concerned, but something more she thought ought to be known, as matters seemed to be taking a different turn.

So one day, finding the opportunity of making up some accounts with Mr. Reisthaus to be very convenient, she stated at once what were her suspicions, and begged to know who and what the elder Mr. Leibetz might be.

The worthy banker seemed somewhat [illegible] had been a newly discovered [illegible] lodger, but the scrutiny was [illegible] factory, for the lady had screwed up her countenance in the most determined manner; and, like Brutus, she paused for a reply.

"This is [illegible] business, madame," rejoined the banker.

"An awkward business!" responded the lady in surprise.

"Very.

"I really don't understand you, Mr. Reisthaus.

"I am sorry for it, madame; but to explain.

"It is a pity your daughter should love Mr. Karl, and it is a pity that Mr. Karl should be enamored of the young lady, because there can be no marriage in the case.

"What," screamed the astonished mother, "not marry my daughter!"

"Perfectly out of the question."

"Is he married already?"

"Certainly not."

"Then what is there to prevent him?"

"He has a father."

"Doubtless."

"And [illegible] father [illegible]—"

"What?"

"Why, madam, I am not exactly at liberty to [illegible] myself [illegible] on, under [illegible], take place, therefore I [illegible] soon as possible, to put a stop to [illegible]."

The banker [illegible] and madame knew him now [illegible] his manner of doing his advice; the [illegible] to him, without much [illegible], she stated her mind pretty freely.

Mr. Karl hummed and ha'd like a man who had a great deal to say; but did not know exactly how to explain himself; but madame cut the matter extremely short, by stating that, as a mother, anxious for the welfare and peace of mind of her daughter, she was desirous of preventing her affections being irrevocably fixed where the object of them was altogether beyond her reach, and if patently agreeable to Mr. [illegible] absence alone would bring [illegible].

Mr. [illegible] was angry, and tried to expostulate; but madame remained firm, and the result was his departure from Heidelburg on the following day.

The pretty Adeline pined for some time for the loss of her companion, but as time wore on, and as neither he nor tidings of him ever reached her afterward, she gradually began to listen to the addresses of a young merchant, named Reiter; and though he wanted the grace, ease, and dignity of Mr. Karl, yet the match was so desirable, and the young man so agreeable, that she at length consented to become Madame Reiter.

Time wore away, and some few years passed on, Madame Reiter having followed the prosperous fortunes of her husband, who had finally settled at Munich; as they were but recently arrived, with the intention of permanently residing at the Bavarian court, it was necessary that they should be presented.

The important day being arrived, found Madame Reiter arrayed in all the splendor of a court dress, and plumes "on suite," and looking more blooming and handsome than ever; and the admiration of the crowd of courtiers waiting their turn for presentation.

When her name was announced as the next in rotation, she felt a passing tremor of the moment, but the gracious bow of the sovereign instantly reassured her, and she raised her eyes until they met those of the king, when to her no small surprise and astonishment, she recognized Mr. Karl Leibetz; it appeared the recognition was mutual, but the king, looking around, and pressing his fingers on his lips, to prevent any breach of court etiquette, she merely bowed and passed on.

What were the precise results of this eclaircissement, I know not the worthy Mr. Reiter was often heard to congratulate himself on the lucky chance which had led him to carry on his business at Munich, since he had prospered even beyond his most sanguine [illegible].

QUEEN CATHERINE of Braganza used to say that in the event of all the sons dying no one would be able to offer that worship at the tomb of the father and mother on which their happiness in another state is supposed to depend. With the girls, preservation is almost as important, and they are a marketable commodity either as wives or as servants. Indeed, it is no very rare thing to see a basketful of babies sent down from Canton to Hong Kong for sale at prices ranging from $2 to $5. These are all girls; and the purchase of one or more of them is generally the first investment that a Chinese makes of her earnings, a speculation sure ultimately to pay a very large interest on the money sunk.

WHEN Penn appeared to receive his charter he came into the royal presence in his [illegible] manner, with his hat on and [illegible] "I have no hat, [illegible]," said Penn, "keep on your [illegible] and [illegible] know you're mad.' "It is the custom of this place," the king replied, "for only one person to remain covered at a time." "Then you ought to have more covers," said Penn. "It's a queer custom; but I don't lay my hat aground [illegible] in a strange house unless I get a check for it. I've travelled. I have."

[illegible] to the [illegible] One package [illegible] Goods [illegible] for any color.

FALSE.

BY MRS. MARY F. SCHUYLER.

We left the dancers, he and I,
And stood beneath the starry sky:
His eyes sought mine, as his loved tone
Said, "Darling, we are here alone,
To hear thee make one promise sweet,
I'd kneel in rapture at thy feet.

"Others have worshipped at thy shrine,
But none with love as pure as mine:
And will thou with thy love's pure light
Brighten my life as stars do night?"
I stilled my heart's wild, rapturous thrill,
And whispered fondly, "Love, I will!

"And will thou, love"—my grateful tears
Fell fast—"will thou in future years
Remember with what proud delight
I pledged thee all my life to-night?"
His keen blue eyes were on mine still,
"Darling," he said, "you know I will?"

We parted—too happy yet to rest,
I watched the moon's bright golden crest
Climb o'er the hill-tops far away,
While all the world grew light as day,
And thought how bright my life would be
When he was all the world to me.

Two lovers 'neath my window passed;
I know his voice—my heart beat fast—
For in that low caressing tone
He said, "Be mine, love—mine alone!"
He kissed her brow so pure and fair,
Ah me, what fools we women are!

CURIOSITIES OF COURTSHIP.

A REPORTER of this city, who has been sensibly impressed by the fact that the census of other cities is ridiculously in excess of that shown by Philadelphia statistics, has energetically endeavored to remove obstructions from the path of courtship by learning what the belles and other invisible young women and widows of this city consider most desirable or convincing in the matter of proposals.

One widow living in the vicinity of Walnut street, whose offers equal her years in number, attributed her triumphs to a careful cultivation of the premonitory symptoms in her admirers. "I do not commit myself," she explains, "but I lawfully put them in the notion of saying tender nothings, which you know are the stepping-stones to proposals. For instance, a timid admirer is made to understand, by word or look, according to the progress he has made in my good graces, that I am glad to see him. If another caller should follow I do not arouse No. 1's suspicions by treating him the same way, but give No. 2 my hand, and of course he feels what I intend him to—that No. 1 is a nuisance. It is rare that I have to manage three at once who have been developed into the acute condition that would be spoiled by lack of tact on my part. If a third comes in later, I am studiously indifferent until by a low aside I can gently find fault with him for not calling oftener or sooner. Whenever I observe that a proposal is impending I ward it off until I get into my favorite chair—that red velvet one with the very low back which you see by the window. High-backed or side-arm chairs are often fatal to declarations of the tender passion, and attitude is an important matter. I manage to have a book or sketch of some sort in my hand. This brings him very close to me to see what I am pointing out. His left arm then has no alternative but to get out of the way, you understand, and if he has skill, my right hand will be appropriated before he declares himself, so that I can't pretend to doubt any longer that he is in earnest. Then, of course, there is nothing for me to do but to become as graciously cool as I can under the circumstances. The only disagreeable thing for me is that, having aroused and fed his emotion, I feel such an interest in seeing a satisfactory conclusion, that the brief second I enjoy the climax is far too short for my reward, and I dislike rapid transitions of feeling. Once while occupying a crimson rocking-chair, I was surprised by a gentleman whom I had thought but slightly interested in me dropping on his knee in a frenzied declaration. I think that lovers are unconsciously influenced by colors, and that a woman should affect subdued or brilliant shades as he may be respectively impetuous or cautious, so as to preserve a harmonious balance."

A Chestnut street debutante says she does not like to be courted by sepulchres—old beaux with growing bald spots and ill-assorted teeth; they are always ready to criticise women for repairing deficiencies of figure or complexion, yet actually they do more "making-up" in the end, and then expect the girls to be devoted to them. She likes live young men, whose circulation is good, and who are earnest lovers. So far she has not received an offer of marriage, but thinks she would enjoy that most where the lover in a romance comes up behind her as she stands in a conservatory or bay window and takes her in his arms as he eagerly whispers the words she has been waiting to hear. Then she would hide her face on his shoulder and experience the heroine's all-overish feeling that, one of the experienced ones insists, gives a woman a weak back, and isn't a good thing to practice.

Spring Garden street contains a pretty little widow, who has a sweetheart for every night in the week, and an occasional one for the afternoon, who declares that a man of sense rarely uses the word "adore" in courtship. Those who do, generally adore no one but themselves. She recently received a written proposal from a strange gentleman whom she had noticed several times on Chestnut street, and she explains: "I didn't like it, and refused to have an introduction afterward. If he would only stop to think about it he might understand how I feel. I don't believe in marriage without genuine regard on both sides, and if he had but managed to make my acquaintance discreetly by degrees, working up into that tumultuously delightful period of awakening interest which we call love, I might have given another answer. My first husband won me by sending a box of confections in which was hidden a diamond ring with our initials cut inside an engraved link on the reverse side of the shaft. When he came that night I wore it on the proper finger, and, though no words were exchanged on the subject, we grew into the habit of discussing our wedding-day, so that the end seemed perfectly natural. I like modesty in a man. The more he looks, and the less he says, in courtship the surer he may be of winning, and you know there's no time like a slow promenade in the moonlight to encourage sentiment."

Grains of Gold.

Lie not for any consideration.

Join hands only with the virtuous.

Dare to do right. Fear to do wrong.

Dally not with time, the wise man's treasure.

Don't try to get cool too quickly after exercising.

Live not for selfish aims. Live to shed joy on others.

Rich and vulgar men fancy that it is aristocratic to be uncivil.

A docile disposition will, with application, surmount every difficulty.

Some girls mistake impertinence for wit, and immodesty for good breeding.

Every one of our actions is rewarded or punished, only we do not admit it.

Don't take some other person's medicine because you are troubled as they are.

The love of display which results in vulgar ostentation, is the result of selfishness.

The surest way to make ourselves agreeable to others is by seeming to think them so.

No joy is ever given freely forth that does not have quick echo in the giver's own heart.

Nature goes on her own way; all that to us seems an exception, is really according to order.

Always be as witty as you can with your parting bow—your last speech is the one remembered.

In the calendar of happiness, time is reckoned in minutes; in that of unhappiness, it is reckoned in days.

Good qualities are the substantial riches of the mind; but it is good breeding that sets them off to advantage.

To possess a superior, education, without natural ability, is to have a quiver full of arrows without a bow.

Truth is a good dog; but beware of barking too close at the heels of error, lest you get your brains kicked out.

The moment we quit the paths of prudence, and become unable to use our judgment, our passions hurry us headlong.

Some rocks cannot prevent the course of a river; over human obstacles events roll onward without being turned aside.

The history of most lives may be briefly comprehended under three heads—our follies, our faults, and our misfortunes.

It is better for the memory to have a distinct idea of one fact of a great subject than to have confused ideas of the whole.

There are few persons in the world whose discourse does not soon, like the diphthongs in spoil, boil, etc., degenerate into I.

The secret of universal success is caution in attempting. Great men can what they will, because they only will what they can.

Burton describes idleness as being "the cushion upon which the devil reposes." Johnson designates it as "the rust of the soul."

There are some faults in conduct, and some in conversation and writing, which are not to be condemned or pardoned, but forgotten.

As a want of faith is fatal to all goodness, so is it a deficiency far more frequent among men than a careless observer would imagine.

The perversions of the best things can be turned into the worst, as in the most wholesome roots and herbs there is some component part which can be extracted and subtilized into a deadly poison.

Femininities.

A lady in San Antonio, Texas, has 40,000 silk worms at work in her yard.

A Kentucky girl glories in a head of hair which is seventy inches long and very thick. She has refused $50 for it.

A cynical lady, rather inclined to flirt, says most men are like colds—very easily caught, but difficult to get rid of.

The Sultan of Morocco has 364 wives. What a nice time he must have when his mother-in-laws come to see him.

Women have more strength in their looks than we have in our laws, and more power by their tears than we have by our argument.

The latest æsthetic slang the ladies use when reproving their admiring gentlemen friends, is, "You flatter too awfully perfectly much."

The new Duchess of Westminster, wife of one of the richest men in Europe, was married in a dress of white foulard, costing seventy-five cents a yard.

Annie Louise Cary's husband, Mr. Raymond, says that since her marriage she has entirely recovered the use of her voice. We had an idea she would.

To flatter persons adroitly, one must know three things—what they are, what they think they are, and what they want other people to think they are.

A family, consisting of a man and his wife and three daughters, all of whom suffered from obliquity of vision, are popularly known as the "squinted."

A man who was recently imprisoned for bigamy, complained that he had been severely dealt with for an offence which carries its own punishment along with it.

"Every mother-in-law is somebody's mother," says the sentimental unmarried. After he is married he will be made painfully aware of the fact a dozen times a day.

"I never betrayed a friend's confidence," said one lady to another, by way of insinuation. "Very true," was the answer, "for you were never entrusted with it."

A woman at Elgin, Ill., preferred a pair of diamond earrings to a trip around the world. She could read up on the trip and lie about it, but the diamonds would have to be shown to prove a claim.

Young ladies of this city are having furniture made to fit them. One fair damsel is so thin that when her chair was sent home, the servant laid it away in a basket with the rest of the clothes-pins.

Under a new law three women are to be appointed in each county in Ohio in conjunction with two men, as a board of visitors for the charity and correctional institutions. They are to serve without pay.

Once when a well-known New England authoress was in England, an aristocratic lady asked her: "Have you any large, old trees in America?—oh, I beg pardon; your country hasn't been settled long enough for that."

The master of ceremonies at a Saratoga hotel always asked a new guest for whom he was about to make it pleasant: "Shall I introduce you, sir, to a 'porch girl' or a 'dancing girl?'" The porch girl was chosen every time.

The clergyman in a certain town, as the custom is, having published the bans of matrimony between two persons, was followed by the clerk's reading the hymn beginning with these words, "Mistaken souls, who dream of heaven!"

Buda-Pesth, in Hungary, is about to revive an ancient custom which flourished at Bruges till the commencement of the present century. The ladies will compete for the prize of beauty—a handsome gold bracelet encrusted with diamonds.

It seems as if our affection for any object increases in proportion to the number or degree of virtuous feelings which it calls into existence. We are, therefore, accustomed to love tenderly the being for whom we have most suffered or struggled.

A breach of promise suit has been commenced at Paw Paw, Mich., by a young man of twenty-three years, who complains that his affections have been trifled with to the amount of $5,000. The defendant is a recently married lady, 32 years of age.

Emily (little sister)—"What a large family the spinsters must be! I hear in church every Sunday that some of them are going to be married." Frances (elder sister)—"Oh, you little goose! Don't you know what spinsters are? Bachelor ladies, of course."

When the conductor tore off the coupon from the ticket of a lady passenger on a Connecticut railroad, the other day, she threw the remainder out of the window, and subsequently explained that she had seen him tear the ticket up, and thought the piece was of no account.

"I don't miss my church as much as you suppose," said a lady to her minister, who called on her during her illness, "for I make Betsy sit at the window as soon as the bells begin to chime, and tell me who are going to church, and whether they have got on anything new."

Of all other views man may, in time, grow tired; but in the countenance of a woman there is a variety which sets weariness at defiance. The divine right of beauty is the only divine right a man can acknowledge, and a pretty woman the only tyrant he is not authorized to resist.

A man never loses anything by being polite. A Camden gentleman, waiting for a train, saw a woman slip upon something and nearly fall. He hurried to her assistance, and helped her to rise, and as he did so she dropped a purse, which proved to be his own, that he had left in the depot a few minutes before, and which she was attempting to steal.

At about the time that the departments in Washington were beginning the process of weeding out female clerks, and refusing to make any more appointments from among female applicants, the Postmaster-General of England, in a speech in Parliament, declared it his intention to entrust the whole of the work of the savings bank department to female clerks.

News Notes.

Mull fichus trimmed with lace are fashionable.

Silk and brocade costumes are worn on the street.

A Western minister struck a $250,000 mine in Colorado.

Lace garniture is preferred in silk suits, black and colored.

England's standing army numbers, counting all ranks, 135,210 men.

Of the 1,518 cases of smallpox in Chicago last year 1,119 proved fatal.

Women who ride tricycles in England are beginning to wear trousers.

Electricity displaces oil in forty-two lighthouses on the French coast.

Chicago boasts a detective named Turtle. He knows when to hide his head.

A Pittsburg firm is turning out glass slabs to be used on furniture in lieu of marble.

A minister at Chardon, O., has the license granted to Brigham Young to marry his first wife.

A North Carolina preacher threatens to go to work in a cooper-shop if his congregation does not raise his salary $1 a week.

More than four times the average annual destruction of life by lightning has already occurred in the United States this season.

From March 1 to date Chicago packers have slaughtered and sold 1,225,000 hogs, against 1,700,000 for the same period last year.

A lock of Sir Walter Scott's hair has been sent to the Smithsonian Institute by a Mr. Ainsley, of Idaho, through Representative Cox.

A million dollars in gold coin will weigh one and two-thirds tons; in silver coin twenty-six and three-quarters tons; in nickels it will weigh 100 tons.

A stone weighing eighty-five pounds recently fell at Salina, Kansas, and another, cigar-shaped, four inches in diameter and twelve inches long.

In some provinces of France bread is commonly made in the form of a thick hoop, and is conveniently carried by the servants about their arms.

William Henry, a young man of Camden, N. J., claims to have worked one hundred and nine consecutive hours without food, sleep, or rest of any kind.

Blotting-paper was in use, by that name, so far back as 1665. The use of sand lasted up to the end of the last century in England, and still obtains in Italy.

The Michigan town of Showaccamette, made known a few years ago by its crew of oarsmen, has changed its remarkably hard name to the easy one of Monroe.

The consumption of tobacco in France during the past five years has averaged 28,000 tons; thrice the consumption in 1812. The revenue amounts to $56,000,000 a year.

Crazed by the misconduct of her two daughters, a woman chopped off one of her hands, at Parkville, Conn., striking not less than a dozen blows with a hatchet.

A Cincinnati pawnbroker says that actors and actresses generally purchase diamonds expecting to pawn them when their business fails and they are among strangers.

Tom Ochiltree, who is running for Congress, in Texas, recently took offence at a newspaper article in which he was given the title of Colonel. He says that he is only a Major.

A shark was caught in the harbor of Mobile the other day which measured fourteen feet from tip to tip. In its stomach were found a human arm, and some bones, evidently human.

The Methodists of Lincoln, Ill., were so slow to offer entertainment for the ministers, that a conference will not meet there, as intended, but will go where there is more hospitality.

The loss of the Union army during the war is generally estimated at 1,000,000 lives, and as many in the Confederate army. There are over 300,000 buried in the national cemeteries.

A Belgian sparrow has literally built her nest in the lion's mouth, having made her home in the jaws of the monumental lion surmounting the Belgic mound on the field of Waterloo.

An unfortunate "puss in boots," trained to walk up and down before her master's shop with a placard on her breast puffing the wares for sale within, is the latest advertising attraction in London.

Twenty grocers were recently indicted in England for selling coffee adulterated with chicory. The authorities failed to show that the adulteration was injurious, and the prosecution fell through.

The Texas and Pacific Railroad will establish experimental farms along its line next season. The purpose of these farms will be to test the availability of lands for different farming purposes.

Baron Wilhelm Rothschild, of Frankfort, returned his last year's income at $1,102,00, while his brother, Baron Meyer Carl, confessed to $1,140,000. The amount of their income tax exceeded seventy thousand dollars.

A party of enthusiastic excursionists down in Maine adopted a series of resolutions thanking everybody and everything that had contributed to the pleasure of their trip, including the moonlight and aurora borealis.

The stealer of a horse in Minnesota could not find a saddle, and took a sack of feathers to ride on. The sack had a hole, the feathers were slowly strewn along the road for seventy miles, and by means of them the rascal was caught.

Murphy disturbed a meeting of the Salvation Army at Oldham, England. Private Kershaw, a muscular exhorter, accepted the challenge to go out and fight. The encounter was a protracted and desperate exhibition of pugilism, but the sinner was whipped.

ELOPEMENT ECCENTRICITIES.

THE elopement season may be described as active and spasmodic, and while there has been a fair demand for the lines of staples, comparatively few novelties have been introduced to the notice of a discriminating and appreciative public.

In London a man eloped during his honeymoon with his mother-in-law.

At Batavia, N. Y., Frederick L. Jackson, aged forty-nine, ran away with his father-in-law's second wife, a woman, leaving behind his own spouse, whom he had shot in the face, rendering her totally blind, and who had been supported, with his family, by her aged father.

Two weeks after her marriage Mrs. Peile, of Cumberland, England, eloped with Mr. Burns Lindow, a wealthy owner of lands and mines, and trustee under her marriage settlement.

Mr. Winfield Zimmerman, of Decatur, Ind., being about to elope with Mrs. Cox, and lacking the funds, applied to his rich uncle Eli, who agreed to furnish the money on condition of being permitted to accompany the fugitives as their guardian angel.

Mr. Cox has sued the guardian angel for $50,000 damages.

Eighteen years ago Mr. and Mrs. Herrick, of Corinth, in this State, were divorced.

They married new partners and lived at some distance from each other until this summer, when they met and eloped.

An elopement at Louisville was frustrated by a Providential small boy who with a well-directed snow-ball knocked off the coachman's hat.

While the jarvey was recovering his hat the train the unhappy couple were endeavoring to reach started and the pursuing parents came up.

A similar mishap befell a pair of lovers in Illinois; the girl ran away bare-footed, and the fond swain insisted on stopping to buy a pair of shoes—a fatal delay.

A lover at Winona, Minn., was so impetuous that he did not even wait for his girl's consent, but lassoed her as she was going to church, and was dragging her away to a justice's office when help arrived.

In the way of tragedy we have the elopement of Miss Nash, of Monroe City, Mo., who was pursued by her mother down the railroad track, the old lady, in her blind excitement, failing to notice the approach of a locomotive which ran over her and killed her; also that of Rube Marquis, of Volcano, W. Va.

Mr. Joseph Paul, a tavern-keeper, had thought that a handsome bar-keeper would draw business to his place and so secured the service of Mr. Marquis, who was so handsome that Mrs. Paul eloped with him.

Mr. Joseph closed his house and announced his intention of killing his ex-bar-keeper.

Marquis was well acquainted with the desperate character of his pursuer, and, quitting the woman, fled to the mountain wilderness in the western part of the State.

After a month of hiding he ventured into Parkersburg to buy food, and was discovered by Joe.

A hasty flight and pursuit by Joe ensued.

A shot wounded Rube in the leg and he could run no further.

He rapped on the door of a farmhouse and begged to be taken in, but the inmates refused to admit him.

"Then I'll take it," he said.

He coolly sat down on a bench to await death.

Joe placed his pistol at Rube's head and fired.

Mr. Redfern, of Sparta, Wis., is a systematic eloper.

He first ran away with Mrs. Felts, and was arrested; while out on bail he made love to another married woman, and was condignly whipped by her husband; as soon as he was out of the doctors' hands he married, and during his honeymoon eloped with the wife of the man that had pounded him.

Another Wisconsin man, when he eloped with his employer's wife, left a note for the husband:

"I have tooked your woman; but you ar welcum to my last week's wages, which I didn't draw; and I hoap that squares things."

Mr. Peter Shinkle, of Covington, Ky., aged eighty-seven, loved Mrs. Martha Bedgood, aged fifty-four, and would have married her but his stern children refused their consent, whereupon he gallantly eloped with her.

KIDNEY-WORT

IS A SURE CURE

for all diseases of the Kidneys and

—LIVER—

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, Are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.

In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

KIDNEY-WORT

40 CARDS, all Chromo, Glass and Motto, in case, name in gold & jet 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.

100 Popular Songs, Words & Music, all different, 10c. PATTEN & CO., 7 Barclay St., N. Y.

ADDITIONAL EVIDENCE

in regard to the great curative properties of

DR. SCHENCK'S

MEDICINES.

UNDOUBTED CURES OF

CONSUMPTION.

The Originals of the following Letters, as well as many thousand others, which lack of space in this paper prevents our publishing, can be seen by any one at the office of Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, in Philadelphia.

WE ASK THE AFFLICTED TO GO AND SEE THE PEOPLE WHO WRITE THESE LETTERS. IF THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE, WRITE TO THEM, ENCLOSING A STAMP FOR RETURN POSTAGE.

For other Certificates of Cures send for Dr. Schenck's Book on Consumption, Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia. It gives a full description of these diseases in their various forms; also valuable information in regard to the diet and clothing of the sick; how and when exercise should be taken, etc. This book is the result of many years of experience in the treatment of Lung Diseases, and should be read, not only by the afflicted, but by those who, from hereditary taint or other cause, suppose themselves liable to any affection of the throat or lungs.

IT IS SENT FREE!

Post Paid to all Applicants.

Address, Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son
537 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Consumption Can be Cured.

DR. J. H. SCHENCK, Philadelphia:

Dear Sir—Some years ago I was taken with inflammation of the lungs, and, although treated by two of the best physicians of this city, I gradually grew worse, until I had hemorrhages quite frequently. They usually occurred in the morning, and averaged during eight days about a tablespoonful each time. I had night sweats every night, and my weight, which was 165 lbs. when I was first taken sick, gradually ran down to 128 lbs. My nights were almost sleepless, owing to severe pain in my breast, back and shoulders, and a continual cough. I was so sick that my physicians gave up all hope of my recovery. I then began to try medicines that I saw advertised, but without any lasting benefit. At last, by the advice of a friend, I concluded to use your remedies.

I began by using all your medicines as you direct, and in a very short time all my worst symptoms left me and I began to gain in every way. As my appetite came back I gained flesh very fast. From June to November the increase was over fifty pounds. My present weight is 174 pounds, and has been about that since my recovery several years since. I was told by my physicians that I had Consumption, and I believe myself I had, and that your medicines cured me.

Yours Very truly,
J. C. ELLIOTT,
Oct. 28, 1881. Binghamton, N. Y.
P. O. Box 102, care Barrett's Music Store.

From Mrs. J. V. Wellington, Cambridgeport, Mass.

DR. J. H. SCHENCK, Philadelphia:

Dear Sir—Over twenty-three years ago I was attacked with a hacking cough, which continued for about three months, when I was suddenly taken with a severe hemorrhage. After this I gradually lost strength, and finally got so low as to be confined to my bed. From the first I employed what are considered the best physicians of Boston, but all to no purpose. Their medicines gave me but little relief, and I felt, as did all my friends, that I had but a short time to live. In fact, the last doctor I had told my sister that I could live but a few weeks. While in this apparently hopeless condition, I was visited by an uncle from California, who strongly advised me to take your remedies, saying that he had been cured of Consumption by them. My husband, who had no confidence in patent medicines, was very much opposed to my taking them, but I concluded that as my doctor could do nothing for me, I could not do better than give them a trial.

At this time your father was making professional visits to Boston, and although I was so weak that I had to be lifted into a carriage, I went to see him. He gave me but little encouragement, saying that I, like many others, only came to see him after being given up by all other physicians. He promised to do what he could for me, however, and I immediately began taking the Mandrake Pills, Seaweed Tonic and Pulmonic Syrup as he directed. After using them for three weeks I began to improve, and, continuing their use for some months, I got well enough to make a visit to my friends in Philadelphia. I was so low that it took a long time to entirely recover, but I was permanently cured, for I have had excellent health for the last twenty years, with the exception of a slight weakness of the lungs, which compels me to be careful not to take cold.

Soon after my recovery, happening to meet the last physician I employed before using your medicines, he was surprised to see me alive, but said that he could truly say that I was not the only one he knew who had been greatly benefited by the use of your medicines.

I feel that I cannot speak too highly of your remedies, believing as I do, that they saved my life. I have, since my recovery, recommended them to a great many people, and they have almost invariably cured them, the only exception being those who were beyond the power of all medicine. I always keep your remedies in the house, and now consider them the best of all medicines for the diseases you recommend them for.

Yours Respectfully,
MRS. J. V. WELLINGTON,
12 Tremont Street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

From Mr. Harvey P. Hopkins, of Providence, R. I. He is Cured of Consumption by Dr. Schenck's Medicines, after being given up to die by some of the best physicians of the city.

DR. J. H. SCHENCK:

Dear Sir—I have been cured of what three of the best physicians of this city told me was Consumption of the Lungs, by the use of your medicines. I was first attacked with the disease in October, 1880, and although I was from that time continually under the care of a physician, I grew worse and worse, until I was confined to my bed. I can hardly say that I was first attacked by the disease in 1880, for my lungs had been weak for many years previous to this, and I would quite often have severe pain in my breast, if I took the least cold or exerted myself too much in any way. I grew worse, my cough became very bad; I had night sweats so severe that my bed, through the night, would be as wet as though water had been thrown over me. I was continually raising blood and large quantities of offensive matter from my lungs, and at last had all the well-known symptoms of Consumption in its last stages.

At the request of my family, my physician called in two other doctors of this city, and they, after an examination, agreed that my case was hopeless. They informed my wife that I had better be told that I could not live, as my time would be very short for arranging my worldly affairs. They also said that no medicine would be of any use to me. The next day my friend, Mr. H. I. Leith, hearing of my condition, sent me a bottle of your Pulmonic Syrup, thinking it might relieve my cough, and make my expectoration easier. I began using it, never even hoping that it would cure me, but finding great relief from its use. When the first bottle was gone I sent and got more; so I continued it until I had used seven or eight bottles. All this time I was in bed, and was so weak that I had to be lifted. This was not a difficult thing to do, however, as I only weighed about ninety pounds. As I have said, I commenced the use of your medicine with no thought of its curing me, but after taking the eighth bottle, I would sometimes feel a little hungry, a thing I had not before done for many months. I omitted to mention that after taking four or five bottles of the Pulmonic Syrup, I also began taking the Seaweed Tonic, and I also took some of the Mandrake Pills.

It is needless for me to give you an account of all my feelings during my recovery. Of course it was slow, but it was also sure. I gradually gained strength, the character of what I raised from my lungs was changed—not being so offensive—and at last I was able to get up and walk about my room. From this time my recovery was rapid. I gained flesh fast, and soon went out doors, and now I am entirely well, a wonder to all my acquaintances who saw me when I was so low.

I weigh one hundred and sixty-two pounds, appetite good, and I can truly say that I never felt better in my life. I consider your medicines as wonderful in their effects. They have saved my life, and I feel so thankful to you that I am anxious that all who are suffering with lung trouble should know how good they are. Of course, I can give a better account of my case in telling of it than in writing, and if any who read this are interested, they are welcome to call on me at my residence.

Yours truly,
HARLEY P. HOPKINS,
No. 2 Howell St., Providence, R. I.

May 19, 1881.

MR. HARLEY P. HOPKINS, who writes the foregoing letter to Dr. Schenck, of Philadelphia, is an old resident of Providence. I have known him well for the last fifteen years, and I can assure the public that all he has written in regard to his sickness and recovery is strictly true. He was considered a consumptive, in the last stages of the disease, by his physician and friends, and I believe that his recovery is entirely due to the use of Dr. Schenck's medicines.

H. I. LEITH, Druggist.
No. 282 N. Main St., Providence, R. I.
May 19, 1881.

Discharged from the Army in the Last Stages of Consumption. Cured by Dr. Schenck's Medicines.

Statement of Mr. Julius Boyden, of Providence, Rhode Island.

I was discharged from the U. S. Army, in June, 1864, as an incurable Consumptive, my discharge reading thus: "Advanced stage of Consumption of the Lungs." I was advised by the army surgeon to live out-doors as much as possible. He informed my friends that I was incurable, but that with care I might be made comfortable for a time. My cough was almost without cessation. I raised matter from my lungs in large quantities, and I had all the other well-known symptoms of the disease. I took many remedies without benefit. In September I went to see Dr. Schenck, and soon after began to use his full course of medicines. I soon felt their beneficial effects, my cough growing less and less and my strength coming back to me very fast. In the following April I was entirely well, and came to Providence and went to work. From that time to this I have been entirely well, not spending one dollar for doctors or medicines for myself. I, therefore, know that Dr. Schenck's medicines are good and reliable in Lung Disease. My cure was considered almost a miracle by those who knew me when I was discharged from the army.

JULIUS BOYDEN.
Of Boyden & Wheiden, Grocers, No. 374 N. Main St., Providence, R. I., July 4th, 1881. Formerly of South Walpole, Mass.

Why I have the Utmost Confidence in Dr. J. H. Schenck and his Medicines.

During the past two years, my mother and brother have died of Consumption. I was myself quite unwell most of this time, and when, shortly after their death, I was attacked with cough and severe hemorrhages, I naturally concluded that I was destined to go with the same disease. I immediately consulted a physician, who made a specialty of lung diseases. After examining me, he said that he thought my lungs were sound, and that I would soon recover. In less than a week after this, I had another severe hemorrhage. Thinking that my physician had made a mistake in my case, I consulted another doctor. He thought my lungs affected, and prescribed for me a long time. I got no better under his treatment, but generally worse. My cough was very bad, my appetite entirely gone, I had severe pain in my right side, and for months I did not sleep more than two or three hours in a night. My tongue was heavily coated and I had a bad taste in my mouth. I had the headache almost all the time.

Feeling that something must be done, I at last concluded to consult with Dr. Schenck, the physician who, I think, I have good reason to believe to be the best in the treatment of lung disease. I went to his office in Boston, and was examined. He found my left lung quite badly diseased, and my liver seriously affected. He told me that I could be cured if I would follow his directions. Of course I consented to do so, and I very soon saw that my confidence in his ability was well placed. I took the Mandrake Pills, Seaweed Tonic and Pulmonic Syrup all at one time, as directed by him, and within one month my worst symptoms were gone. I went to see the Doctor on his next visit to Boston, which was one month after the first time I saw him, and he said: "Only continue with the medicine and you will surely get well." I did so, and kept on gaining in every way until I was perfectly well, and able to work as usual. Since my recovery I have not lost a day's time, except when I have made friendly visits to the Doctor at his Boston office. My cough is gone, my appetite is good, I have no headache or pain in my side, I sleep better than I ever did in my life, and my lungs are apparently healed, as I have no hemorrhages.

These are the reasons why I believe in and recommend Dr. J. H. Schenck and his medicines. He did just what he said he would do for me, and I believe that I owe my life to his medicines and care.

FRED. F. TRULL.
Hudson, Mass., May 25th, 1881.

Hereditary Consumption Cured.

DR. SCHENCK:

Dear Sir—In the autumn of 1877 I had a severe cough, with terrible pain in my sides and between my shoulders. I had very little appetite, and what little I could eat only distressed me. I consulted physicians, who said my condition was a very bad one and gave me five different cough syrups and tonics, from which I received no benefit, but seemed to grow worse, and kept losing flesh and strength. I had night sweats, and sweat most of the time during the day. I coughed and raised blood and a salt, foamy phlegm; my throat was filled with ulcers, I could hardly swallow; sometimes I could not speak a loud word for weeks; my lungs grew more painful every day with difficult breathing, while pleurisy pains would almost stop my breath. I had colic pains, sour stomach and vomiting up everything I ate. My whole body was filled with pain. I could not lie down, but had to recline in a sitting posture to breathe.

I gave up and did not think of ever getting up again as it was hard moving myself; my feet and ankles began to swell badly, and my hips had given out long before.

In this sinking condition, I thought I would try your remedy for consumption; it might do me some good, it could do me no harm, for I was certain I could not live a month longer the way I was.

At that time, May, 1878, I procured your Pulmonic Syrup, Seaweed Tonic and Pills, and took them as directed. In a week I was better, and began to throw off from the lungs a greenish, yellow matter streaked with blood.

I could eat a little without throwing it up, the pains in my sides were not so severe, I could sleep an hour very soundly, and that was what I had not done for three months.

I took your medicines steadily for six months, my cough got better, I did not sweat so bad at nights, kept gaining slowly, and in a year after I began your medicines I could say I felt well.

I began to gain flesh, and last September weighed one hundred and thirty-five pounds, fifteen pounds more than I ever weighed before in my life.

Your medicines, I know, saved my life; and I would say, from my own experience, to all consumptives, take Dr. Schenck's medicines, for they will certainly cure you.

I had Consumption, it is hereditary in our family, my father and two brothers having died of it.

I have had better health the past Winter than for ten years previous.

Yours Respectfully,
MRS. SARAH A. CARTER.
Carlisle, Mass., April 5th, 1881.

FROM SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Consumption Can be Cured!

DR. J. H. SCHENCK:

Dear Sir—About sixteen years ago, while living in Canada, my health became very poor. My disease came on gradually, beginning with a loss of appetite and afterwards great weakness, which brought on night sweats and a dry, hacking cough. My chest and back were very weak, and so sore that I could not bear my weight against the back of a chair. At different times I raised considerable blood, which my physician said came from the lungs. I employed several doctors, but they all told me the same thing—that my lungs were badly affected; and the last one I had also said that I could live but a short time, and that I had better go to my mother's home in Winstead, Ct., as soon as I could, that with careful nursing I might live for some time. When I got to my mother's I was very low indeed, so that my mother sent for her doctor. He pronounced me beyond all help. He, however, left me some medicine which he said would relieve my worst symptoms. After this, my mother employed another doctor, who said that one of my lungs was nearly gone. I ate scarcely anything for several months, and never expected to get well. One day, a friend who lives in Collinsville, Ct., gave my father one of your pamphlets on Consumption. He brought it home and told me to look it over and see if any of the cases described in it were like mine. I read the book through, and I found so many cases described there that seemed as bad as mine, that were cured, that I began to hope that I too might recover by using the medicines. My father, finding that they were not kept in Winstead, sent to New York and got a supply. In one week after I began their use, my night sweats ceased, and my appetite began to improve. In two weeks after this I was much better in every way. I commenced to use the medicines in March; in July I felt quite strong; in two months more I was well, and I have had good health ever since. I believe that I would not be alive to-day but for the use of your medicines, as all the doctors I had said my disease was Consumption, and that I was incurable.

Yours Truly,
MRS. CHAS. W. PLUMMER.
April 20th, 1881. 274 Main St., Springfield, Mass.

DR. SCHENCK'S MEDICINES:

MANDRAKE PILLS,
SEAWEED TONIC,
AND PULMONIC SYRUP

Are sold by all Druggists, and full directions for their use are printed on the wrappers of every package.

THE FAIR ÆSTHETE.

I shall wed a fair æsthetic,
  Quite regardless of expense;
All I ask is that she's utter,
  And in all things quite intense.
Limp, of course, and lank she must be,
  Clad in minor tones of green,
Consummately soulful, earnest,
  Mustache be, my precious queen.

We shall feast on lilies daily,
  Quaffing draughts of beauty fair,
With a dish of ferns on Sunday,
  Or a peacock's feather rare:
Thus shall flow our lives forever,
  Like two gently-gurgling rills,
Breathing poesy and too-too,
  And her dad shall foot the bills.

—ANDREW.

Facetiæ.

A play ground—The stage.

A Providence paper asserts that Western cats commit suicide. Let's import the breed.

Why are people who jump to conclusions like ships? Because they are generally at sea.

Why ought church-bells to be sounded at a wedding? Because no marriage is complete without a ring.

It is not generally known that only extreme fright can metamorphose a bull-dog into a cowed-dog.

When the teacher asked what was the feminine of tailor, a small boy promptly exclaimed, "A dressmaker."

NERVOUS DEBILITY and weakness, "Well's Health Renewer" is greatest remedy. Druggists, $1.

It is with some mothers in the treatment of their children as with fireworks. First the rock it and then the stick.

DON'T DIE in the house. Ask Druggists for Rough on Rats, mice, weasels, 15c.

During the house-cleaning season there is no place like home—and that's something to be extremely thankful for.

STINGING irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1. per bottle.

"Jones, why do you send your wash to a Chinaman?" Jones—"I don't." "You don't?" Jones—"No; he comes and gets it."

If you have any skin diseases or diseases of the hair or scalp, any itching or discolorations, sun burns, freckles, pimples, rough or dry harsh skins you have in Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure, a sure and elegant remedy. Sold by all druggists.

Justice don't always miscarry. We know of a young man who has averaged a pun a minute during his waking hours last summer. He's in jail now.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 26 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 822 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

KIDNEY-WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

☞ If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

BRANSON KNITTER

PRICE, $25.00.

For Manufacturing or Family use, is now known throughout America and Europe as the simplest and best Knitting Machine ever made. Makes seamless hose, double heel and toe. Runs either by hand or power. Capacity, from 6 to 9 dozen pairs socks per day. A child can use them. For circulars address JAMES L. BRANSON, 505 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

FOR YOU. How to Make Money Fast, and Plenty of it, send name and address on Postal Card and get it. C. LESTER, 22 New Church Street, New York.

COPPER LINEN MARKER STAMP, 6c; RUBBER 60 cents, with indelible Ink. Send for circulars. J. GOLDSBOROUGH, 720 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

FLIRTATION and ESCORT Cards, new and unique. no two alike, ten cents a pack. Send to O. A. PIERCE, Box 307, 21 Park Row, New York, N. Y.

[From *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*]

A LADY SAID

"Those Horrid Pimples! No, I Cannot Go. Please Present My Excuses."

Probably two-thirds of the ladies in society and homes of our land are afflicted with skin diseases of various kinds, to do away with which, if it could be done without injury, would be the happiest event of their lives. Then she would have instead of a disfigured and marred countenance, one that would be handsome, or at least good-looking, for any one with a clear, pure skin, no matter what the cut of her features are, has a certain amount of good looks which attract everybody. As it is now, she imagines every one sees and talks about "those freckles," "those horrid pimples," and other blemishes with which she is afflicted, and this is true of either sex.

To improve this appearance, great risks are taken; arsenic, mercury, or high-sound titled named articles containing these death-dealing drugs, are taken in hopes of getting rid of all these troubles. In many cases, death is the result. No alleviation of the burning, heating, itching and inflammation is given. All troubled with Eczema (salt rheum,) Tetters, Humors, Inflammation, Rough Scaly Eruptions of any kind, Diseases of the Hair and Scalp, Scrofula, Ulcers, Pimples or Tender Itchings on any part of the body, should know that there is hope for them in a sure, perfect and elegant remedy, known as "Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure." It makes the skin white, soft and smooth, removes tan and freckles, and is the best toilet dressing in the world. It is elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment. Our readers should be sure to get this and not some old remedy resuscitated on the success of Dr. Benson's and now advertised as the "The Great Skin Cure." There is only one,—it bears the Doctor's picture and is for sale by all druggists. $1 per package.

A Sensation
HAS OFTEN BEEN MADE

by the discovery of some new thing, but nothing has ever stood the test like Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills.

They really do cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Paralysis and Melancholy.

Price, 50 cents per box, two for $1, six for $2.50 by mail, postage free.—Dr. C. W. Benson, Baltimore, Md. Sold by all druggists.

C. N. CRITTENTON, New York, is Wholesale Agent for Dr. C. W. Benson's remedies.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vitale Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton Street, New York

ORGANS

Five Octaves, one 3-5 Sets Reeds, *Eight Stops*, including *Sub-Bass, Octave Coupler*, Stool, Book and Music, in Solid Black Walnut Case

Fancy High Top, as above.

ONLY $30.

THIS ORGAN IS BUILT ON THE OLD PLAN.

The Famous Beethoven Organ

27 Stops, 10 Sets Reeds, $90.

Soon to advance to $125. Order now. Remit by Bank Draft, Post Office Order, or Registered Letter. Boxed and shipped without a Moment's Delay. Catalogue Free. Address or call upon

DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

HEAR YE DEAF.

Garmore's Artificial Ear Drum.

As invented and worn by him perfectly restoring the hearing. Entirely deaf for thirty years, he hears with them even whisper, distinctly. Are not observable, and remain in position without aid. Descriptive Circular Free. CAUTION: Do not be deceived by bogus ear drums. Mine is the only successful artificial Ear Drum manufactured.

JOHN GARMORE, Fifth & Race Sts., Cincinnati, O.

Illustrated Catalogue, Photograph and Lecture, 10c. AUTOMATIC CABINET, Play any Tune.

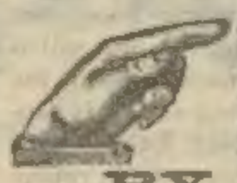
MAGIC LANTERNS AND VIEWS ORGANS ONLY $5

Magic Lanterns and Slides WANTED. Musical Wonder Catalogue, FREE.

HARBACH ORGANINA CO., 809 FILBERT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

150 CHOICE EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.

150 Beautiful Embroidery Patterns and Needle-work Designs only 15 cents. Designs for Borders, Corners, Centers &c., for Tidies, Rugs, Mats, Table Covers, Lambrequins &c. Also Birds, Flowers, Animals &c. for Cross-stitch and all other Embroidery, on Canvas, Burlap, Felt, Silk &c. with diagrams showing how to make all the stitches for Embroidery and Lace-work. These designs are new and beautiful; every lady should have them. We send the entire lot for 15c Catalogue of 1000 useful articles free. PATTEN & Co., 47 Barclay St. N. Y.



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OVER THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILLION IN STOCK TO SELECT FROM.

All bought for cash, and sold at lowest city prices. Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c.

Correspondence solicited.

Samples and information free.

"SHOPPING GUIDE" mailed free on application.

COOPER & CONARD,

Ninth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please say where you saw this advertisement.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS WANTED. A rare chance to make money rapidly selling our NEW BOOK:

NEW YORK BY SUNLIGHT AND GASLIGHT

Showing up the New York of to-day, with its palaces, its crowded thoroughfares, its rushing elevated trains, its countless sights, its romance, its mystery, its dark crimes and terrible tragedies, its charities, and in fact every phase of life in the great city. Don't waste time selling slow books, but send for circulars giving full table of contents, terms to Agents, &c. Prospectus now ready and territory in great demand. Address DOUGLASS BROS., 58 N. Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE complete, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

A HARVEST FOR AGENTS.

Choice Oleograph of Garfield Family on receipt of 50 cents. Do not fail to order. Also 4½x12½ Oleograph 12 for 20cts. National Chromo Co., 922 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WHAT WOMEN SHOULD KNOW. A woman's book about women. *Sells at sight.* Agents Wanted. Send for circulars and terms to FIRESIDE PUBLISHING CO., P. O. Box 63. 20 N. 7th St., Philada., Pa.

Ag'ts Wanted Sells Rapidly. Circulars free C. 4S. 50 S. M. Spencer, 122 Wash'n St. Boston, Mass.

Lady Agents Can secure permanent employment with good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc. Sample outfit Free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS Can now grasp a fortune; outfit worth $10 free. RIDEOUT, & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

Agents SMITH & CO., BOX 1632 Boston, Mass. Wanted

30 DAYS' TRIAL

BEFORE — AND — AFTER

Electric Appliances are sent on 30 Days' Trial.

TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD,

WHO are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, LACK OF NERVE FORCE AND VIGOR, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration of HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. The grandest discovery of the Nineteenth Century. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address

VOLTAIC BELT CO., MARSHALL, MICH.

Warner Brothers

CORALINE CORSETS.

The great superiority of Coraline over horn or whalebone has induced us to use it in all our leading Corsets.

$10 REWARD

will be paid for any Corset in which the Coraline breaks with six months' ordinary wear. Price by mail, W. Batiste, $1.50; Abdominal, Health or Nursing, $1.75; Coraline or Flexible Hip $1.75; Misses', $1.00.

For sale by leading merchants. Beware of worthless imitations boned with cord.

WARNER BROS., 372 Broadway, N. Y.

BEATTY'S Organs 27 stops, $125. Pianos, $297.50. Factory running day & night. Catalogue free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

50 Choice Chromos, with name, in fancy case 10c. Set of samples 25c. YANN & CO., Fairhaven, Conn.

BARLETT'S PILE SUPPOSITORIES

An Unfailing Remedy for PILES OR HEMORRHOIDS.

Victims of this distressing complaint admit that even *temporary relief* is a great boon, and we claim that this has resulted in *every trial* of the Barlett Suppository, and reports are *constantly* received full of grateful expressions from those who have been *permanently cured*. It is a small medicated cone, applied directly to the affected parts, *without the slightest danger or inconvenience* attending its use. "THE OLD DOCTOR'S LEGACY," a pamphlet describing the disease, treatment, and result, will be sent by mail to any one requesting it.

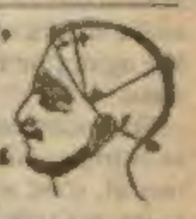
Boxes of 14 Suppositories, $1.00; or trial size of five for 50 cents. Can be sent by mail.

If not kept by neighboring druggists, address

BARLETT MANUFACTURING CO.,
815 Filbert St., PHILADELPHIA.

Consumption and Diseases of the Throat and Lungs *effectually* cured by Baker's Cod Liver Oil. Sold by all druggists.

R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
Philadelphia.
Premier Artist
IN HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

WE WILL SEND WITHOUT CHARGE

Samples of Knitting Silk. A 36-page pamphlet, giving Rules and Designs for Knitting Silk Stockings, Mittens, Money Purses, Babies' Caps, Laces, etc., will be mailed to any address on receipt of 6 cts. in postage stamps or money.

THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO.,
243 Market St., Phila., or, 469 Broadway, N. Y.

☞ Send for circular about Waste Embroidery, 40c. per os.

WE GIVE the Social Visitor, largest and best story paper in the world, 3 Months, on Trial, and a Beautiful French Writing Box, Ink'n Mucilage, containing Lead Pencil, Penholder, 3 Golden Pens, Rubber, Pencil Top Pencil, for 36 Cts. Stamps taken. This offer is made to introduce our paper into new homes. Address Social Visitor Pub. Co., Box 2128, Boston, Mass.

KNOW THE FUTURE!

LOVE COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE. Wonderful secrets, revelations and discoveries for married or single, securing health, wealth, and happiness to all. This handsome book of 128 pages mailed for only 10 cents, by The Union Publishing Co., Newark, N. J.

$1.65 BUYS an Imported Key Wind Watch.—$3.15 BUYS an American Stem Wind Watch, Solid Gold Nickel Cases, Warranted. Send for Catalogue. A. COULTER, Chicago, Ill.

DYER'S BEARD ELIXIR

A. L. SMITH & Co., Sole Ag'ts, Palatine, Ill.

FREE. Send your address, with two 2-cent stamps, to CHAS. FARRELL, 122 West 26th St., New York, and receive an elegant set of imported cards, together with our new illustrated book and card price list

25 Comic Transparent Cards and 13 Lovely Chromo Cards, name on all, in beautiful script type, 10cts. Language of Flowers FREE with each order. CARD PRINT, Box 17, Cadiz, Ohio. 40

Free An Illustrated book and 12 elegant Chromo Advertising Cards. Send your address and a three-cent stamp to the Aetna Card Co., 124 Fulton St., New York. P. O. Box 2730.

SOLD by wholesalers. By mail, 50c. Circulars free. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 25 Day St., N. Y. AND NOT WEAR OUT.

Cards Send two 3ct. stamps to C. TOLLNER, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y., for a new set elegant Chromo Cards and Catalogue of Latest Designs for Fall and Winter.

The Biggest Thing Out Illustrated Book Sent Free. (now) E. NASON & CO., 111 Nassau St., New York.

25 Gold Edge Cards, name on 10c. A present with each order. Jordan & Co., New Haven, Conn.

Two Photos of Female Beauties, 10c. *Illustrated Catalogue free.* J. Dietz, Box 3, Reading, Pa.

50 New style Chromo Cards, beautiful designs, name on, in Case 10c. E. H. Parker, Fair Haven, Ct.

50 Elegant Genuine Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name, 10c. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

ONE of the leading features in dress, not only at the present intermediate season, but to continue sosturing the winter, is the waistcoat, differing from the bodice.

The gilet may be separate, and fitted to a back of lining only, or form part of the corsage, being attached to it for two or three inches at the shoulder seam, and joined with the front breast pleat; the portion representing the jacket is then left open, and the waistcoat fastens at one side, under the bodice or down the centre.

The separate gilet is far the better plan, as it admits of two or three different ones being worn with the same bodice, and also of each gilet being worn with some other corsage.

Traveling dresses and costumes of the same class of materials are greatly improved by the addition of a white or light pique waistcoat; silk, pekin, velvet or velveteen are used for the same purpose, and many a small piece of fancy material may be made to do duty.

Some of the coats, open over waistcoats, have one or two straps across, one at the waist, another at the bust, for instance, or are attached by cords and buttons, others are cut out in a long point, meeting at the waist with a couple of buttons, and opening again, or buttoning below, according to taste.

For materials suitable for both day and evening wear, the gilet bodice is still more useful, c'est a dire when the corsage is separate, for this enables it to be adapted for a dinner dress by simply adding a low instead of a high waistcoat.

White and light-colored silks and satins, embroidered, beaded, or hand-painted (more elegant still), are used for dinner and evening dresses, and lace, either put on plain if of very good quality, or in frills and cascades when less valuable, makes a charming waistcoat when covering satin or silk.

My readers of an economical turn of mind will be glad of a hint how to renovate a last year's costume with little trouble and expense.

Many plain woolens are being made with bodice and tunic, or some form of polonaise, over rather brilliant colored striped skirts.

Nothing would be easier than to adapt this fashion to a dress already possessed—and requiring some change to give it a novel appearance.

The materials chosen for the underskirt have dark ground—black, myrtle green, navy blue, prune, etc.—with broad stripes formed by groups of smaller ones of various colors.

The skirts in alternate stripes of different materials are very elegant, three or four kilt pleats of one fabric, and a box pleat, single or double, of another.

Velveteen of the best quality, such as the "nonpareil" is found to be remarkably serviceable for general wear, and skirts of it, with some form of over dress, of different material, such as cashmere, voild, or one of the hundred beautiful woolens now so fashionable, are among the most recherchees toilettes.

There is not the least necessity that the velvet skirt and the tunic or polonaise should match in colors—the contrary in fact, finds more fashionable favor—black, ruby, prune, Louis green, violet de Lorraine, centre brown look very elegant within light grey, cream or white over dresses.

This mode is another of those admirable contrivances by which different portions of the same dress may be made component parts of several others.

Small checks and plaids of large dimensions are being much used in combination with plain woolens, silks, and velveteens. With the plaids the tunic is generally on the cross, the bodice on the straight.

The polonaise is very well worn for this kind of costume, the only ornaments required being handsome buttons, gold or oxydised, or fancy designs in various metals; buckles to correspond are often used to raise the drapery, and a double clasp of the same fastens the small pelerine or the double collet, accompany the polonaise for outdoor wear.

There are also some small mantelets made, matching the dresses, in place of the pelerines.

These reach to the waist at the back, and increase in length at the side, where they are slightly pointed, and have something the appearance of a Dolman sleeve.

At the front they hang with long, straight ends to the knees, or may be crossed at the chest as a fichu; in either case the fronts are tied together half way down by bows of velvet.

The neck is slightly en chale, with a deep velvet collar, and there is a velvet bow at the back.

These mantelets are light and easy to wear, made of fine woolens, in checks of dark color, such as two shades of green, blue or blue and black, green and black, etc. They may be worn with many different dresses.

Mantles for the demi-saison will be made both of plain velvet and of figured uncut velvet, and these will be colored, as well as rich black-figured velvets.

"Pomponette," a plush fabric used last season by Parisian dressmakers and milliners, will be largely used next season for parts of costumes, garniture, etc. It appears in the new round raised balls with the pile longest in the middle, and represents row after row of flossy pompons on a satin background.

It is a frail fabric, and is only durable in the best qualities, where the long pile is very closely woven into the back of thickly twilled satin.

The leaf designs of plush of various lengths of pile are shown in the "sere and yellow" autumn leaves and the brown and russet shades that Worth used last winter for trimming dark green and brown cloth dresses.

For tailor-made costumes, speckled cloth and woolens generally will be more adopted than plain ones. Bottle-green and deep strawberry-red with white dots are the newest, and they are to be trimmed with Pomponette plush.

The embroidered cashmeres which have been popular during the summer will be worn in the winter with new bold designs of embroidery resembling applique-work, and in figures like those of Irish point. Applique designs of cloth will be stitched on velvet, while bronze, kid, and morocco arabesques will trim both velvet and cloth materials to be used as skirts beneath overdresses of plain cloth, cashmere, or velvet. Galloons and passementeries of satin cords will trim plain camel's hair and cloth dresses in place of the wider flat braids that are now commonly used on flannel costumes.

Plaid material is once more very much in favor this autumn, but not of bright colors.

It generally affects dull tints, such as dry leaf, olive-green, russet, yellowish moss, and so on. Plaids are not particularly pretty in such colors, but well adapted to endure all the vicissitudes of travelling in autumn.

For walking and travelling costumes the simplest fashion is the best; a short pleated skirt, with a tunic or scarf of the same draped up high over the hips and loosely tied behind, and a jacket-bodice with small square basque at the back.

The jacket is quite a furour this autumn. It goes by various names—the Magyar, Austrian, and Hungarian jacket being all modifications of the same model. It is invariably close fitting, finished at the neck with a narrow standing-up collar, and buttoned straight down the front; the only differences that exist are in the basque, which now describe a peak in front, being curved in at the sides, and forming a square coat lappet behind, now stands apart in front, and is slanted off at the sides, forming a small square lappet behind, slit open in the middle; or again, it is pleated in hollow pleats, forming a position at the back. The material generally employed is thin cloth, in dark shades of navy-blue, purple, prune, garnet-red, or seal-brown, which may be worn with any skirt.

Sometimes, also, the jacket is a mere bodice peaked in front, with a small puff added at the back, which is frequently finished by a large drooping bow of satin or moire velvet to match.

All silk tissues, foulard, surah, faille, glace silk, in black or colors, stripes or checks, plaided or chined, printed or brocaded in small or large patterns—in fact, all silk tissues, without exception—may be used to modernize toilets of a preceding season. Either of the fabrics can be combined with vicuna, cashmere, mousseline-de-laine, vigognette, etc., if only the colors of both tissues are tastefully harmonized.

Fireside Chat.

ON CLEANING LACE CURTAINS AT HOME.

EVERYONE knows how much the brightness and cheerfulness of a house depends on clean hangings to the windows.

When the sun, shining on the first fresh spring morning, transforms all things with its golden rays, how dingy some of the curtains look, which one would scarcely have noticed as being dirty before. As soon as the housewife goes her morning rounds, their fate is sealed, they are forthwith taken down, and off they go to the cleaners. Well, it saves the trouble of washing at home, without doubt: but how about the trouble of mending long slits, or finding, on opening our very best lace curtains, that they have a piece of plain net patched, or rather cobbled in, this too after they were sent from home in perfect condition, without a break of any kind?

And what about finding one curtain a deep blue white, the other being of a soft yellow hue.

Such cases do unfortunately happen even at some of the best establishments. Certainly, as far as tearing is concerned, there is no comparison between home washing and cleaner's work.

But then there are various styles of home washing. If we trust our fragile net to the tender mercies of a rough ignorant girl, who will rub it thoroughly, who will wring the delicate texture until every thread is pulled out of place, who will starch it as stiff as buckram, and iron it so that one side is stretched a quarter of a yard longer than the other, how can we expect to feel pleased and satisfied when it is hung again in its place?

But with little superintendence at first a neat-handed careful Phyllis will soon acquire the knack of getting them up quickly and deftly.

But a word or two of practical advice is worth a page of generalities. After taking down the curtains and carefully removing tapes and hooks, shake them gently to get rid of the loose dust that hangings will collect, even in the cleanest house, overlooked by the most vigilant mistress.

Place them in a large tub full of lukewarm water, cold water would set the dirt in, change once or twice, moving the curtains about lightly with the hand, let them remain soaking all night.

Take a packet of washing powder and a good sized piece of yellow soap, cut the latter up into thin slices, and put both into a quart basin, pour over them some quite boiling water, stir up well, and place in a cool oven that it may be ready in the morning.

Have the copper filled early, light the fire, and let the water get just warm. Now pour off the water in which the curtains have been soaking, and set the tub in the sink under the tap, letting the water run on them until it looks clear.

Stir half the soap mixture, which will be found to be a thick jelly if properly made, into the copper, and put in the curtains. Let them boil thoroughly, skimming off the top as often as necessary, and when the worst dirt is out change the water without removing the curtains, fill up again with hot water, from the boiler, adding the rest of the soap.

Cold water might crack the boiler, and, in any case, it would much retard the operation, for it would take so long to boil up again.

The copper must be entirely emptied or the curtains will burn. After they have boiled the second time, place the tub close to the copper, and lift the curtains into it with great care, for they are heavy when wet and very liable to tear.

If a copper-stick is used, it should have a towel tied over it or most probably the end will go through the curtains.

Put the tub in the sink, and let the cold water run into it until you have got rid of signs of soapiness, and it is perfectly transparent.

They must then be squeezed dry between the hands, not wrung out on any account, for that is the surest way of tearing them. Only a little blue is required as they take it very easily. They should be hung out in the air to dry, as it makes them such a good color, unless it is very windy, when it is safer to dry them before the fire.

They are starched after they are dry. Sufficient starch should be made at once that all may be equally stiff, the allowance is about a small handful to each curtain. Be sure that there is no lumps in it, and that it is not too thick, or the holes of the net will be filled up. It does not do to starch one curtain after another in the same starch, because the first takes out all the goodness, leaving it thin for the second; the best plan is to have two basins, and starch one in each, unless indeed the basin is large enough to take both at the same time. Squeeze the starch out as you did the water but do not wring. It will be noticed that it is the cross threads of the Nottingham lace curtains that give way, so it is safest to squeeze them down the selvedge way of the net. Dry before a fire on a horse. They will perhaps feel rather stiff, but that will go off afterwards. When they are thoroughly dry lay a clean sheet over a bedroom floor, get a large basin of water, dip the curtains right into it. Squeeze them out, and pin them down on the sheet, taking care that both sides are equal in length, and that the width is the same throughout. Pin the four corners first, then put some more pins at long distances apart measuring across with a yard measure, afterwards fill up the intervening spaces until there is not more than an inch between the pins.

Never pull a curtain too wide, because it tears that way, and also because it will cause the sides to be full, and when dry the pin marks will show, whereas if they are pulled rather long in proportion to the width, the sides will be straight and the pin marks scarcely noticeable.

They must be left down until quite dry, for they will look rough and cockled if taken up too soon, and the labor will be lost.

Dimity may be treated exactly in the same manner, both as to washing and drying, but only requires pinning out at the top and bottom, it throws up the pattern well if pulled tight.

THE best way to silence a talkative person is never to interrupt them.

Correspondence.

READER, (Monroe, Pa.)—Chambers' and Johnson's Encyclopædias are both good works, but Appleton's is the best for an American.

GEORGE B., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—"What is the meaning of the word ohms?" The measure of electrical resistance. 2. "What is meant by the expression, 'Dark as Erebus?'" "Dark as hell.

J. B., (Woodbury, N. J.)—The original Old Man Eloquent was Isocrates, an Athenian orator, who flourished about two thousand two hundred years ago. Milton first applied that designation to him in one of his sonnets.

CRAWFORD, (Sierra, Cal.)—Perhaps your fears are unfounded. But if you are afraid your boy will have a squeaking voice when he has emerged from the ordeal which every boy's voice has to undergo about his age, try plenty of beefsteak, and, if necessary, beef tea and quinine.

B. B., (Volusia, Fla.)—We could not possibly tell whether the gentleman is in love with you unless we knew a great deal more about him than a letter could tell. However, in any case, you should not allow him to monopolize all your company unless he clearly declares his intentions.

RILEY, (Tazewell, Va.)—The suffrage article of the Pennsylvania Constitution says that to vote a person of 22 years of age or upward must have paid a State or county tax which shall have been assessed at least two months and paid at least one month before the election.

ALLEN, (St. Louis, Mo.)—An alien at the age of twenty-one years and upward who has served in the army may become a citizen without previous declaration of intention, provided that he can prove that he has been honorably discharged, and has lived one year in the United States. You will have to get your naturalization certificate, or second papers.

ROSALIND H., (Manayunk, Pa.)—Many chemicals might be named that would remove a black mark from the neck, but great care must be exercised in applying any one of them. Instead, therefore, of recommending any, we prefer to advise that you apply to a doctor or apothecary, who will prescribe one and give you precise instructions regarding it.

ALICE, (Covington, Ky.)—Various means have been adopted for changing the natural color of the hair for a more favored one, and for hiding the approaches of age as indicated by the appearance of gray hair. These usually consist in washing the hair with a solution of some metallic salts known to contain a properly for darkening its color. These are the salts of oxide of silver, mercury, lead and bismuth.

LOTTIE, (Fairfield, Conn.)—We do not think you need be afraid that the young gentleman can never love anyone else, because he was once in love for two years. However, as you are only sixteen, we should advise you to wait until you have finished your education before making any engagement, and, meanwhile, you will have an opportunity of seeing whether the gentleman is really in love with you.

NANCY LEE, (Ozaukee, Wis.)—The dress she wears on her shoulders should be in keeping with her other garments. 2. Out of courtesy to his bride he will doff his mourning on the marriage day; but, out of respect to his mother, he will don it the following day, and wear it the customary time. 3. You can please yourself whether you shall send the clergyman a piece of bridecake. If you desire to honor him in that way, do not hesitate to do so, as he will be sure to accept it in the proper spirit.

EVELYN, (Worcester, Mass.)—Your notion is a preposterous one. A person who cannot hate, cannot love. Indeed, without the existence of the passion of hatred, that of love could not be. And these two passions are not exceptional in the make up of human nature. We can only know of pain through its opposite pleasure, of sweetness through its opposite tartness, of cold through its opposite heat, of up through its opposite down. In short, everything that exists, acts, feels, or has any being, whether in the material or mental world, has an opposite, and it is only by comparing a thing with its contrary, contradictory or relative, and comparing these again with other things, that we have attained to any knowledge of anything whatever.

NELLY, (Ashtabula, O.)—To answer your question correctly would entail upon us an expenditure of time that we really cannot afford. We should have to wade through the registers of over two centuries. But we give you two instances of longevity that we do not think have yet been exceeded. The first was Henry Jenkins, who is believed to have attained the great age of 169 years. He died on December 8, 1670, at Yorkshire, England. When a boy he was sent with a dray full of arrows for the army that was about to fight the Battle of Flodden Field. He was almost twelve years old then, and had a distinct remembrance of the circumstance. This battle took place on the 9th of September, 1513. Thomas Parr lived 152 years and a few months, and died in London, November 15th, 1635. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

TAILOR, (Baltimore, Md.)—The phrase, "It takes nine tailors to make a man," originated many centuries ago. It was before the time of Queen Elizabeth, who, one day, on receiving a deputation of eighteen tailors, addressed them, "Good day, gentlemen, both." We have heard the origin explained in this way. Once upon a time a homeless orphan had applied for assistance at a fashionable tailor's where nine journeymen were employed. The boy's condition stirred the benevolence of the nine, who each gave him one shilling. With this slender capital the youth started in the flint business, and in time became very rich, and retired from trade. Then, instead of having a coat of arms, he emblazoned upon his spoons and panels the grateful motto, "Nine tailors made me a man."

SCIENTIST, (Livingston, Ill.)—Your question is too wide. To give a circumstantial and detailed account of its origin, growth, and present status of the theory of atoms, would fill many volumes. But we may inform you that Leucippus asserted that atoms, the elements of all things, were infinite, and always moved; and that they were of various forms, thereby generating and characterizing different bodies in figure, order, and position. Democritus and Metrodorus followed Leucippus and added that the full and the void are the first causes of things. Zeno, Leucippus, Democritus, Protagorus, and Epicurus were the inventors of the Atomic theory, in which they ascribe the composition of all bodies to smaller and smaller parts, in various forms, called atoms. This theory forms the basis of modern chemistry.